The Ring

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
New York, N. Y.

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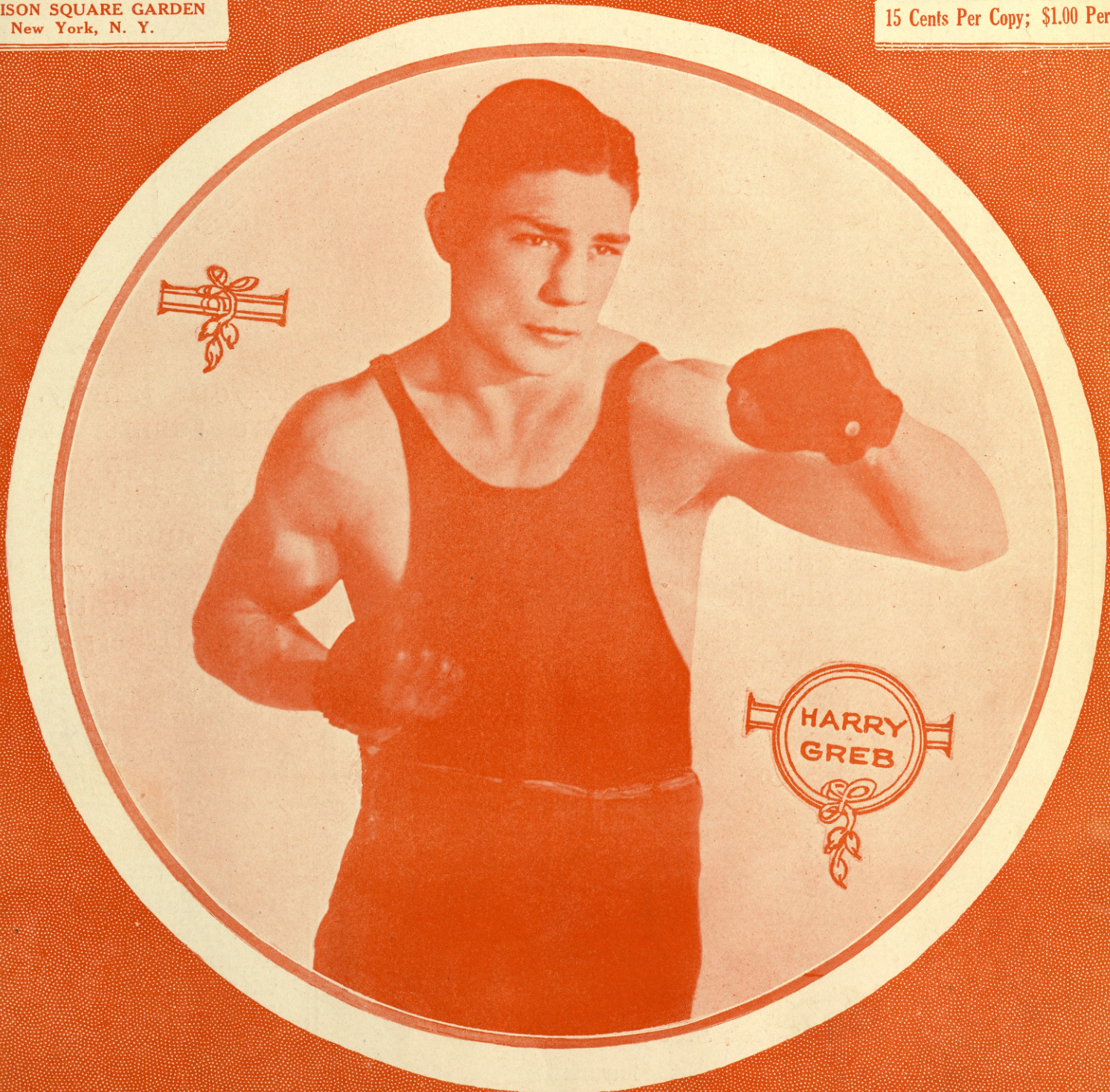

APRIL, 1922

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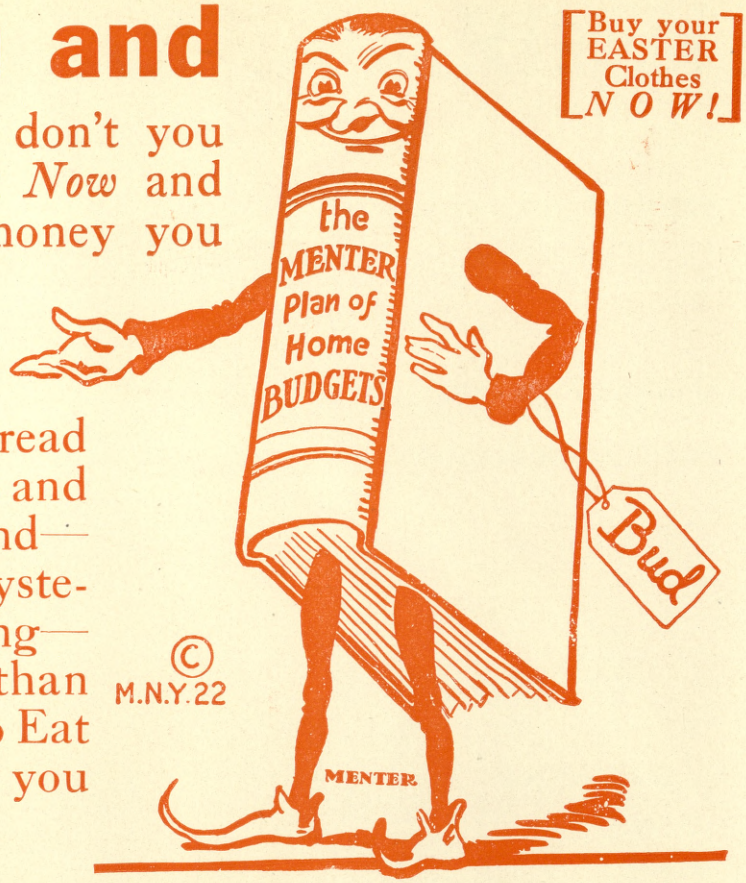

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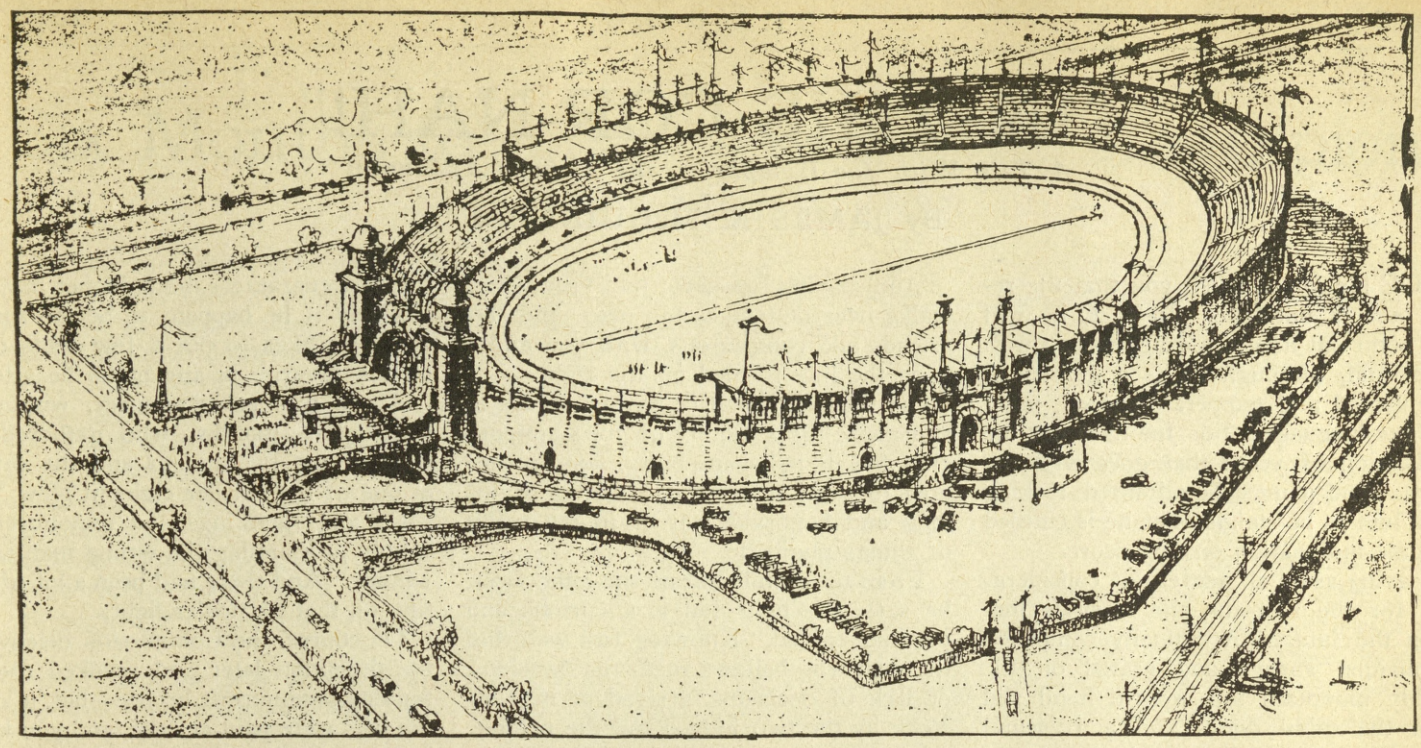

New York Velodrome, 225th Street and Broadway, as it will appear when completed. Boxing and cycling will be staged

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"IN THIS COR-NAH!"

A Talk With Joe Humphries, the Famous Announcer

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

JOE himself will tell you that the report is not true. In fact, he will point out its gross exaggeration with much and, although he is a gentleman of cultured and temperate speech, near-profane language. For Joe likes not the implication of years that goes with the story. And it must be admitted, looking upon him as he stands, that he is entitled to some indignation on that score.

Leaving aside all matters of consideration for the moment, the story is that when the famous Ark finally completed its maiden voyage and grated on the muddy mountain top, a firm hand slid open the cabin doors and a rubicund countenance, topped by thinning locks, poked its head through the space. Thereupon, so the common l i b e l runs, Joe Humphries announced in his clarion tones:

"Mount Arrarat! Last Stop! Watch your step getting off!"

Now Joe Humphries, the demon announcer at Madison Square Garden and as much a fixture at championship fights as the three strands of rope about the ring, holds that that story is an unmitigated lie. Indeed, he asserts that it was not until fully five years after the Ark had docked that he first saw the light of day, and that it was another five years before he began announcing as his life's work.

However, the story exists and it passes current among New York fight fans in the inner circle of ringdom, so that it undoubtedly represents the popular belief as to the length of Joe Humphries' service as an announcer, whatever may be its failings on the score of veracity.

There is a companion piece to the foregoing libel which illustrates how indispensable are Humphries' good offices at all formal functions, although its realization in fact happily is many, many years away.

The scene for this gross untruth is Judgment Day and the sinners and the spotless are milling about in glorious disarray. Even the Angel Gabriel is in a quandary, knowing not how to separate the goats from the sheep.

Into the breach steps the same figure that decorated the landing of the Ark and the same clarion tones, t h r o w n against the blue vault of the sky, proclaim:

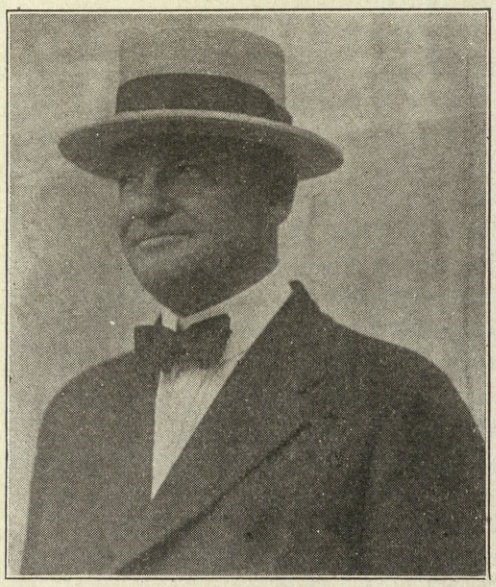
"Sinners form on the right hand side, please. The unblemished go to the left. Don't c r o w d, ladeez and gentlemen. There's room for all. In this cor-nah—No! That's out!"

And having spoken, Joe Humphries walks over and takes his place with his friends and companions, with you and I —on the line formed on the right.

So, those two stories having served to emphasize the antiquity of Joe's announcing and its indispensability, we can turn now to some interesting features of his long and honorable career in the realm of things pugilistic.

From the standpoint of the announcer, he says, the fight fan is a curious and peculiar animal. Knowing full well that the man who bellows forth the decisions, or lack of decisions, arrived at in New York by the two judges and the referee, the crowd vents its disapproval on the poor goat who merely acts as the mouthpiece for the chosen officials.

"I can't get used to that," Joe says.



Joe Humphries—America's Premier Fight Announcer

"No matter how long I have been in the game, and even if I stay in it until they are fighting by wireless, I guess a razzing from the mob around the ring will get my goat.

"If it was coming to me, I guess I could learn to stand it, but when I've got nothing to say about the decisions, and when sometimes I disagree with them personally myself, although I can't say anything like that officially, then I can't help feeling that the boys are a bit unjust."

And there is something in that complaint, for the announcer does nothing more than collect three slips and tell the fans what verdict has been agreed on by two of the three officials voting.

Joe won't talk about it, naturally enough, but his own honesty is one of the best guarantees the fight fan has, particularly if he happens to be the sort of fan who likes to put a few cents down on his favorite in any battle he attends.

There was an announcer, within the last twelve months, who gathered the slips of the two judges and the referee at one of the smaller clubs in New York City, and then made an announcement calmly proclaiming the wrong man as the winner. And there had been a lot of betting on that particular fight.

Of course, the Commission discovered the deception later and revoked the offending announcer's license—but, a lot of the bets were paid at once, and you know how much chance most of the "losers" had to get back money they really never should have parted with; not to mention what they should have won.

The public has a great safeguard in Joe Humphries, but as we remarked before, Joe won't talk about that.

He will talk, however, and he did, about some of the merry quips pulled by the gallery gods, some of them at his expense.

"D'ya remember the time when Bennie Leonard fought Ritchie Mitchell at the Garden?" Joe asked, and then answered for the writer, "Of course, you do. No one who was there ever could forget it. Wasn't that a lulu of a fight. But never mind that . . .

"What I wanted you to remember was that the bout was for charity and that Miss Morgan promoted it, and that all the Four Hundred, with quite a few of the Four Million, were there. Well, of course I had to doll up for that. Everybody did. Even Jimmy Sinnott persuaded his uncle to let him have the old soup and fish back for the evening.

"Well, I did myself up noble in a dinner coat and some other duds that I bought once to go to a wake, or a wedding, or some such sad function, and of course I thought I was the real stuff."

Joe laughed silently and then went on.

"I didn't fool anybody, though," he continued. "Especially I didn't fool that mob in the galleries. Just as soon as I climbed into the ring to announce the first fight, and when everything was quiet, some bird up near Heaven beat me to the punch.

"Watch out you don't get any reisin on that suit, Joe," he advised me. "Or the guy will keep your deposit."

"It was a couple of minutes before I could quit laughing and get ready to do my stuff, and even then I nearly broke

(*Continued on page* 6)

Six Months to Live—He Fights Champions

By M. J. (BILL) WATHEY

UNTIL the world war made adamant the hasty physical preparation of men, boxing, wrestling, football and other brawny sports were considered entirely too strenuous for the average man. And a human frame wracked with disease usually was packed away in blankets and the hope of physician and relatives alike that tender care might some day restore at least enough strength to combat the disease even if that unfortunate human were forced to go through life crippled in body and spirit.

Courage and the will of the patient usually was frowned upon. Only rarely was there a character stronger than the ignorance of the doctor. When such a person bobbed up he, and frequently she, was looked upon as exceptional.

Such a person was Charley White, now considered with Lew Tendler and Johnny Dundee the pre-eminent contender for the lightweight pugilistic laurels owned by Benny Leonard. Although it is not generally known White was a puny, sickly boy with one lung dangerously affected by tuberculosis and the other beginning to show signs of the dreaded disease.

Ethelda Bleibtrey, who has achieved world's championship recognition as a swimmer, once was ticketed for a Southwestern "T. B." camp, and her days numbered. Not only did she refuse to trek Westward but she so far fooled her old-fashioned physician as to conquer the germs that were sapping her life. She waded right into the swim and washed the "T. B." out of her.

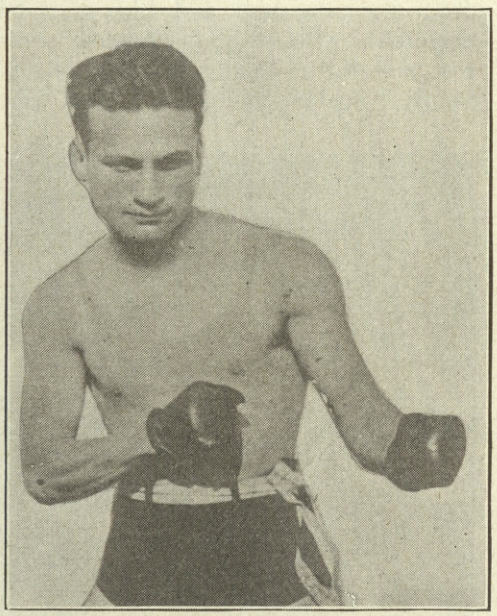
To-day she is one of the leading feminine athletes of the world and insists that her accomplishments are due entirely to the fact that she refused to be considered ready for the undertaker, notwithstanding being so advised by her doctor.

White's story, as before remarked, created a stir ten years ago when he first began to make a mark in the boxing profession. His life history is unique among those of present day boxers.

The Chicago left hook artist began his career accidentally. At the age of 13 he was anemic, weighed only 85 pounds and was pronounced tubercular by the head of the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute. He was ordered to Denver and his life despaired of.

White's parents were not financially well off. It was found impossible to get the money for the care of the boy but he was sent to a physical training school in hopes that exercise of some kind might heat up his blood and give him some strength to combat the tuberculosis.

Although small, White was active. He immediately became interested in boxing and spent most of his time learning the art of self defense. He was an apt pupil and learned the science of boxing so rapidly as to distance all the pupils who then were in that particular school. At the same time he picked up weight rapidly and within a few months an examination of his lungs found him almost entirely free from tuberculosis.



Charley White—Chicago's leading lightweight

At sixteen White appeared in the professional ring for the first time. He now has been fighting for fourteen years and has never had a sick day in that time. Instead of a headstone crowning his grave he so far outwitted disease that it is quite likely he will be wearing a championship crown shortly.

White has become one of the most remarkable figures in the prize ring. He is a clean cut, clean living sort of chap. He does not use tobacco in any form and has never taken a drink of any intoxicants. He seldom is forced to do any extra training for a bout because he invariably is in perfect condition because of the care he takes of himself.

Since he began boxing White has met eleven champions and twice during his career he was within an eyelash of winning the lightweight laurels. In a Milwaukee bout White knocked down Willie Ritchie four times in the first round of a ten-round no-decision bout. Ritchie weathered that session and managed to last the full distance. Again at Denver ringside critics declare White should have been declared the winner against Freddie Welsh in their twenty-round bout.

When White first began boxing he was considered clever but nothing of a hitter. How he discovered his knock out punch is best told by him.

"I was crossing Madison Street at Clark one day," said Charley, "when a truck driven by a burly guy swept around the corner and splashed mud on an otherwise clean pair of trousers adorning my legs. I was angry and shouted something uncomplimentary at the driver.

"He immediately pulled up to the sidewalk, climbed down in front of me and asked to have the remark repeated. He looked to be bigger than the Planters Hotel across the street but I repeated the remark, although with some fear for the consequences, I admit.

"Immediately the driver lunged at me but he was inexperienced and too crude to land. I slid under his first blow and crossed my right with all my strength and the anger of soul behind it. I landed flush on that husky's jaw and he dropped like a shot.

"I don't know how long he was down for I decided that the police would be there shortly and I did not stay to investigate or be investigated. However, I decided right there that if I could knock out a fellow of that size I ought to be able to topple over men my own weight. Since then I have applied that rule with some success, too."

While we have a bit of fear in recommending to sickly persons of mature age a strenuous sport for the obliteration of disease such as White and Miss Bleibtrey accomplished we do believe that if more persons would tackle boxing or wrestling there would be less tuberculosis in the progeny of this generation. Sport is an institution as necessary as medicine or bread in the daily life. The careers of White and Miss Bleibtrey prove this.

Notice to Our Readers

If your newsdealer does not handle THE RING, inform us and we will tell you where you can purchase same. Slowly but surely we are placing this magazine in every sporting city of the country.

Jess Willard Discusses Fight With Jack Dempsey

By NAT FLEISCHER

BIG Jess Willard, in a letter received a few days ago by a friend of the former champion, declares that he is mighty glad to see so much interest taken in the heavyweight division, but is sorry to read of the attempts made to match some of the recent crop of heavies with the man who handed Jess such a terrific beating in their bout in Toledo.

"Until a few months ago I had a notion I would be given an opportunity to meet Dempsey in a return bout and convince my supporters that I could repay Jack for the manner in which he treated me in Toledo, but now I'm through with the ring for good.

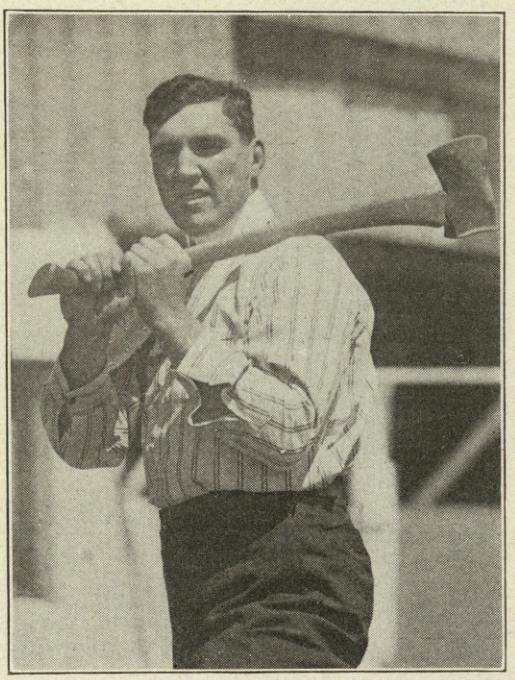
"My only interest in things pugilistic from now on will be in reading what others are doing. I really had a sincere desire to re-enter the ring, not for the purpose of regaining the championship, for I honestly believe I couldn't do that, nor do I believe there is a living boxer in to-day's crop of heavies who could turn the trick, but for the purpose of giving Dempsey severe punishment, making the present champion take a little of the humiliation and drubbing which I was forced to take in that sun-baked arena in Toledo."

These are the words of the former title holder in discussing the heavyweight situation.

From the above it will be seen that Willard had suffered far more humiliation than the public is generally aware of. That he took the defeat at the hands of Dempsey much to heart was known to his many close friends, for until a few weeks ago Jess, whenever questioned on the subject, refused to discuss it. Inwardly, however, the spirit of revenge was working strongly. It was only after Jess became interested in oil fields that brought him a fortune and that the public demand for a return bout with Dempsey had proved to be nil that Jess began to unloosen some of the thoughts that have been stored within him for several years.

As the readers of THE RING well know, Jess came on to New York City several months ago and pleaded with Tex Rickard for a chance to get back at Dempsey. In fact, the bout practically was clinched when Dempsey balked on the ground the public was not interested in a return contest, and then came considerable dickering which failed to bear fruit, with the result that Willard, peeved at his failure to obtain the desired revenge, announced he would return West never again to come East for a fight. Then spread the report that Jess had purchased oil fields that proved a most profitable investment and following that, the letter to a lifelong friend in Chicago, which was turned over to the writer, a letter that forms most interesting reading for the keen followers of pugilism.

This friend, in forwarding Willard's letter, declares that Jess after his defeat at Toledo went into seclusion. The terrible beating he received, combined with the cries of quitter which echoed through the air in most sporting circles, completely unnerved the giant. He kept away from the reporters and hid from his neighbors. He wanted complete peace, rest and the company of none but his family. A few months ago Jess, after



Jess Willard on his Kansas Farm

many months of intensive training, sought the advice of several of his closest friends, informed them of his desire to avenge the Toledo defeat by making Dempsey suffer the same humiliation Jess had suffered, and informed them of his plans to reenter the ring, but was advised against such action.

He refused to heed their advice, came East and met with the failure referred to above. He then set out to buy the ground in the West that has yielded him a fortune in oil. It was after a tour of inspection of his oil lands, that Willard, the heretofore silent world's heavyweight champion, wrote to his Chicago friend about his fight with Dempsey, his plans for the future and past life, and parts of this interesting letter follow:

"I never could fight, never wanted to become a boxer and never cared for the boxing game," says Willard. "I always felt that I wasn't built for a fighter, despite my height, reach and weight.

"God made me a Giant. I never received an education, never had money and my folks, God bless them, never had any money. I knew that I was a big fellow, powerfully strong and I just sat down and figured that a man as big as I ought to be able to cash in on his size. That is what started me on the road to boxing.

"So I got this boxing game into my head. I never liked it, in fact hated it as I never hated a thing previously, but there was money in it, and I needed the money and decided I'd go after it.

"I never really knew how to fight. In the fights I engaged in I never could do anything to the other fellow in the way of real damage. I simply couldn't do it. Harming the other fellow seemed to me to be cruel and so long as the other fellow did not harm me very much I couldn't see any reason why I should hurt him.

"I never hurt any of my opponents before the eighth round, because not one of them was able to hurt me much before the eighth round and when they did hurt me I got real mad and just swung on 'em and settled matters as quickly as I could. But even then I didn't like this boxing business. It was the dough I liked and I went after all I could get.

"I didn't think this Dempsey fellow was as good as he proved himself to be. Oh, take it from me, that guy is some fighter. Say, he sunk his fist three inches into my belly. He just burned that fist of his into my stomach. I never had anything like that ever happen to me before. Yet there are some who say I quit.

"You know, I was in the ring there chuck full of confidence and was getting squared away when with one leap, before I could realize that the fight was on, Dempsey crashed his powerful fist against my jaw and I was flat on my back. I was down before I ever got started and that was something new in the way of experience for me. I was simply dumbfounded, didn't know what had happened. I never saw anything like that before.

"Well, there's one thing and only one I wanted very badly, and that was to get

(*Continued on page* 5)

Just Speaking of Socks—The Most Profitable Line These Days

By FRANK O'CONNELL

SPRING is here and the crocuses are crocussing. They always do this around April 1 just to fool folks. Some managers are much like the crocus—there is a lot of cuss and little crow, when they can't get matches.

However, let's all wish each other an April Foolish Day.

We were just thinking of the salesmen who are packing their trunks to go on the road for another season where they may run up expense accounts that they may chalk off their income tax blanks next year. We were thinking particularly about the sock salesman.

* * *

The fellow with a good sock is going to collect this year. Jack Dempsey seems to have a corner in the heavyweight socks at the present time and looks to be in for a big year if he is able to deliver these socks. The trouble is, though, that there seem to be no merchants who are willing to take his socks F.O.B. which translated means "flush on the beezer," unless he makes a big deposit as a guarantee that the socks have no dye in them that might prove fatal.

Harry Greb is on the road with a line of light-heavyweight socks. He delivered a load of them to Thomas Gibbons, Inc. (meaning "I'm No Champ").

* * *

Speaking of socks, it's a funny thing that to-day socks are higher when you figure a $350,000 offer for a couple of them and stockings are getting lower as the ladies roll their own.

Tom Gibbons is a salesman with a fine line of socks but he might just as well be selling them to a lot of legless men.

Johnny Dundee has long been in the sock game and he has delivered a lot of open work ones but they have usually been a little light in texture. If he had carried a heavier line he might be the dean of the sock salesmen in his branch of the business. Ask Benny Leonard or Charley White.

* * *

Georges Carpentier specialized in socks with clocks. Remember how he was clocked out in Jersey City by Jack Dempsey and how he delivered the socks and clocks in the British market to the Beckett firm. Of course you can't blame him for that because you might say that he was making a raid on a Beckett shop. That is speaking in the lingo of sock salesmen.

Well, as our little magazine is issuing forth on April Fool's day, we may just as well get all the foolishness out of our system. So here goes.

Just imagine Harry Greb
Making Michael look like a "deb".

Thus spoke a lady of the 400 through a lorgnette which she had temporarily forgotten to put up to her blinkers at the Greb-Gibbons fight.

* * *

"Deb" is society talk for a Dumdora who has just come out and "come out" in the langwidge of Fifth Avenue isn't much away from "knockout," for the "deb" is usually a "knockout".

The bout between Greb and Gibbons was for the Milk Fund and they surely did violate the Volstead Law because the Garden was full of milk punches.

* * *

Flutter along, you little thing;
Sputter around, the punch's the thing.

* * *

We had an argymint up at Paddy Gillen's place the night after the Greb-Gibbons fight. Paddy Dean, from Rally-Na-Lee in County Longford is an Irishman who still believes that John L. is the champion of the world in spite of the fact that he has been gathered to his forefathers long since.

Says Pat: "And did ye see the fight?"

"Sure," says I, "and I won a buck from Eddie McCormick."

"And a fine Irishman are you to be bettin' against a Gibbons. Gibbons is the better man. He has the wallop. He has, as we used to say back in the old country, the polthogue and kithogue and you can't get away from a man that has them in his repertory," he being a student of literature as well as boxing.

"But," says I "he had fifteen rounds to land either the polthogue or the kithogue and wattell good was it to him if he couldn't?"

Pat got hot under the collar at this and lapsed in the brogue of the old country.

"Niver moind about that, Gibbons is the bitter mon and he can lick a dozen av them Gribs."

"But he didn't," we answered.

* * *

That kind of flabbergasted him and he turned back to John L.

"John L. was niver knocked out," says Pat.

"How about Corbett?," we asked.

"Corbett," frothed out of his mouth. "Shure Corbett was just a lame race harse that ran around the ring until John L. sank down from exhaustion chasin' him."

* * *

To divert him a bit we mentioned the fact that Peter Maher had a great punch and that seemed to modify him some.

"Yes, there was a bhoy, after me own hart. He shure could wallop."

"But," I said, "whom did he ever wallop? He was like Gibbons, he had a great wallop when it landed but did it ever land him into a championship?"

"Do you remember Peter's last fight," said I.

"Shure and I disremember," says Pat.

"Well I remember it well," says I. "It was in a battle with his mother-in-law when he was living in Yonkers and she scored a knockout."

Pat made a rush at me, for that was too much and I discreetly skidded off into the night.

* * *

Sock and the world socks with you,
Stall and you stall alone.

Bye bye until the next issue.

Jess Willard Discusses Fight With Jack Dempsey

(*Continued from page* 4)

another crack at Jack, but even that is gone. I'd know better the next time. He couldn't work that hurry-up gag on me again. All I wanted to do was to hand him some of the same stuff he handed me and I feel confident I could do that because I feel that now I'm stronger than Dempsey, and much bigger. I feel that if ever we met again I'd knock that guy's block off or he'd knock mine off and that before he'd do that, he'd take a lot out of the ring with him that he wasn't looking for. Yes, he'd have something to remember me by and know how I felt after that Toledo affair."

That is the tale of Willard, the man who sought revenge, only to have Fate rule against him. And who knows, but that the Fates interfered for Willard's sake?

The desire for revenge may still be lurking, but the physically fit Willard could not possibly be there and another Willard-Dempsey fight would be nothing more than a repetition of the slaughter of poor old Jim Jeffries by Jack Johnson.

'Tis better so! A return match is not wanted and never was!

"Shadows of the Past, No. 3 —James J. Corbett"

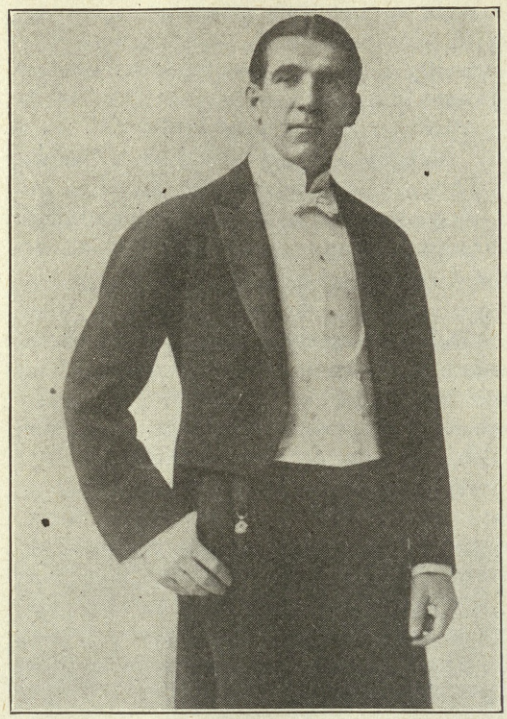
By FRANK E. COULTRY

ONE of the most remarkable figures that the ring has ever known is James J. Corbett. He marked the turning point between the old-fashioned days of the "pug" and the modern school which has progressed to the high plane boxing now occupies. He not only showed that he could reach the topmost rung of the ladder physically but his success on the stage stamps him as one of the most versatile men who ever engaged in the Queensberry art. Corbett may not be a Mansfield or an Irving but he is a really first class actor and is one of the most popular men on the stage today. Corbett has been playing in vaudeville for several years and is one of the biggest drawing cards on the Orpheum circuit.

If "Gentleman Jim" had stuck to the banking business I believe he would have succeeded in reaching the top there, too. He is the only man to win the championship who got his early training in a bank. In Corbett's heyday a bank clerk usually stuck to that.

Corbett's bouts with Jeffries and Fitzsimmons will ever be remembered in the lore of fistiana. If he could have lasted two more rounds against Jeffries in their memorable battle at Coney Island, May 11, 1900, he would have done something no other heavyweight champion was able to accomplish. He would have regained the championship. Corbett was leading by a mile for 23 rounds when his strength suddenly forsook him.

His 61-round draw with Peter Jackson, called by many the greatest negro heavyweight the world has ever seen, was



James J. Corbett

an epic of the ring. Jackson was a seasoned fighter and shunned by even the great John L., while Corbett was only a youngster at the time. That bout established him as one of the finest boxers in history.

"Gentleman Jim" was the apostle of cleanness and squareness both in the ring and out of it and his example has had a great influence in making the game one which is now patronized by the best elements of society.

The Silent Trainer Who Helps The Boxer

THERE have been many famous trainers who have helped boxers along the rocky road to the championship. They have been talked about and written about often. But—there also have been silent partners in the training stunts of most of the great ring men who seldom received any publicity. These are the dogs which have ever been the pets of the great ring masters.

When a fighter is getting down fine he is likely to get a bit grouchy. He begins to hate the crowds that clutter around his training quarters and he wants to get off by himself. It is then that the dog comes to his aid. His four-footed trainer will not bother him with talk but he will furnish him with the necessary cheer in his hikes over the roads or through the woods.

Jim Jeffries was a great lover of the dog and he always had a good bird dog with which he could roam through the woods during his training period or use in the off season to hunt.

Stanley Ketchel was never without one. Poor old Steve was a morose sort of fellow who liked to be by himself a lot and he preferred the company of his dog to almost any human being at times.

Freddy Welsh was a great fancier and still is and naturally his fancy turned to the smart little Welsh terrier.

Jack Dempsey got great enjoyment out of his police dogs when he was training for Carpentier. One could compile a long list of fighters who have gone "to the dogs," as you might say, when they sought solitude and at the same time the benefits of a good romp away off in the country where no one would disturb them.

"In This Cor-Nah"

(*Continued from page* 2)

out chuckling in the middle of my announcement," Joe admitted, adding this bit of philosophy immediately thereafter: "The less they pay to get in, the more they know about boxing."

There is another one that Joe tells, which is worth setting down as showing how obliging a fighter can be.

This one happened at one of the smaller clubs in the suburbs. The preliminaries dragged along and the main bout was late in getting on.

"While I was waiting to make the announcement of the star bout," Joe said. "I looked at my watch. One of the boxers saw me and he yelled from his corner:

"'What's the matter, Joe. Afraid you'll miss the last car?'

"'Yeh,' I shouted back, idly.

"'Well, you needn't be,' he replied. 'I'll stop this guy in the second round.'

"And the funny part of it was that he did," Joe concluded. "So we both caught the last car for Manhattan."

Only once in his career was Joe stopped, and that was at Jersey City during the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. The vast distances were too much for human voice and his announcements never got back into the rear rows of the huge arena on Boyle's Thirty Acre.

A sort of broadcasting device, without the radio features, had been erected at ringside as an aid, but somehow Joe could not get the hang of the mechanism, so finally he gave it up in disgust.

Remembering his failure on that occasion, the writer spoke to Joe about it.

"How about Jersey City, Joe?" he asked. "Too much distance out there, wasn't there?"

"Distance, nothing," the veteran rejoined. "It was that damfool contraption. Machinery hampers my style."

And there's a lot in that.

Joe Humphries is superior for announcing purposes to any mechanical device—especially when formally dressed for fights promoted by social lights, which takes upon themselves the dignity of functions.

Machinery does hamper his style.

Wrestling, the Sport of Ages

An Interview with George Bothner and Dr. Roller, America's Greatest Wrestling Experts

By WILLIAM FARNSWORTH
Sporting Editor, New York American

IF you sit down and begin to agitate your brain over the things that you know about sports there is one conclusion that you will come to. There is no argument that can refute the fact that wrestling is the game that is the primary one of the animal kingdom. It is one of the first impulses of nature when the cub, the kitten, the puppy wants to show its strength. Thus spoke George Bothner and Dr. Benjamin Franklin Roller, two wrestlers de luxe in their day.

Each of these citizens is still a very husky sort of person. We were chatting about the sports that did most for the youngsters of the nation. The idea came to mind as we noted how strongly the wrestling game has taken with the colleges. The idea in the mind of the writer was that there was no finer exercise in the world for the growing lad than of the mat game.

"You see kittens, cubs of wild animals, puppies, just as soon as they are able to toddle around wrestle with each other in an effort to put the rival on its back. It is a natural impulse. You never see little boys in the early stage of development punching each other. They like to see which is the stronger and they want to see that they can pin the other fellow's shoulders to the ground. Pin falls for them! None of these new fangled rolling falls. The little lads want to see the goods delivered in style about which there is no question."

Thus again spoke Bothner, one of the greatest wrestlers of all time.

"Doc" Roller, one time champion of the mat artists, was standing nearby and he chimed in when the talk drifted along to the idea that it might be a good thing to have wrestling promoted among the schoolboys of this country. Dr. Roller was in charge of athletics for schoolboys out in Seattle one time and had plenty of opportunity to watch the results.

"You can't get into the game any too soon. I was wrestling when I was seven years old. Wrestling is a great body builder," and the husky medico was very visible proof of this.

"It should be a regular part of the curriculum of the schools to-day. Runing is all right enough. That though, is not a body builder."

Then, turning around we spoke with George Bothner whose business these days is building up frail bodies at his splendidly equipped gymnasium, 250 West 42nd Street and taking off the surplus that means nothing to the human frame. George was enthusiastic about the movement to put wrestling on the list of sports for schoolboys.

"Outside of the physical end of it," said George, "it makes 'em think quick. There are so many angles to the wrestling game that a chap has to be alert all the time."

There is nothing vicious in the sport. It isn't the same as boxing. When I say this I am not saying anything against boxing as a sport, for I consider it one of the finest things in the world for physical development. What I mean, though, is this.

"When two little lads get out in the street and sock each other there is going to be a lot of ill feeling. If one boy gets a bloody nose or a black eye not only is he going to hold this in his crop but the family is likely to take up the feud. There is none of this in wrestling. Everyone has tried it at one time or another.

"Mind you, I am not attempting to boost wrestling as a better sport than boxing but I am an enthusiast in the game and I know what it can do for a youngster. A lad is not so apt to lose his temper in a wrestling match as he would in a boxing contest. It is all friendly rivalry."

Then "Doc" Roller chimed in and we argued a bit with him. The husky surgeon who is a great student of sport as well as the anatomy of the human being asked:

"What sport is there where a man lasts longer?"

Immediately we answered, "Golf."

Dr. Roller admitted the truth of this but he said golf could hardly be considered an athletic form of exercise. He classed it as a pastime but a first class one. He told us of a few examples of men that the wrestling game had built up and kept in the prime, every one of them big, strong fellows.

Just to enumerate a few we might mention Farmer Burns, Ernest Roeber and Billy Muldoon. Doc Roller does not admit to being in the flapper stage. He says that he is past the 45-year mark but that he would be willing to wager the family jewels that he could take Jack Dempsey into a ring now and "throw him for a goal." "I would down him in ten minutes and I'll wager he couldn't land his haymaker on me," declared the man whose study of sanitation in Havana caused a clean up that made that Cuban city one of the healthiest in the West Indies.

"Almost any man who has wrestled in a professional way for three years puts on weight," said Bother. Dr. Roller chimed in to agree with this and told of his experience in Seattle with schoolboys. He said that he found the youngsters were gaining from ten to fifteen pounds a year.

"One of the finest features of the wrestling game," said the medico, "as far as the young boy is concerned, is the fact that he throws his rival without hurting him. The wrestling game calls for speed, strength, trickiness and cleverness. Nature will always respond. If there is a necessity for a certain muscle to respond, nature is going to make it do so. If there is a pull on any one muscle every day that muscle is going to grow up to the occasion."

"There is nothing better in the form of exercise as a matter of self defense than wrestling," said the doctor, "and I am glad to see that the schoolmasters are getting wise enough to make the mat game one of the sports for the growing lads."

Bothner concluded our little chat by saying that he was greatly interested in the growing movement among the schoolboys, but he issued a word of warning to the effect that there should be competent instructors for the boys.

In that the writer concurs heartily because he has seen many a little lad scoured by a so-called trainer who knows nothing about athletics. Wrestling is coming into the schools and it is coming strongly. Watch for another year and we will wager a kopeck or two that it will be one of the most popular interscholastic sports.

The Ring in Demand

A few copies of the February and March issues of THE RING were sent by the Editor to the Fox Hills Hospital. So interested were the war heroes in this magazine that a request was made for more copies to meet the demand.

In order to give the boys who fought so valiantly for Uncle Sam an opportunity to enjoy reading of the sport of the red-blooded man, the publishers of THE RING will donate each month 100 copies to the Knights of Columbus for distribution among the war wounded.

Have you a wounded hero in a hospital we cannot reach? If so why not subscribe for him? He will enjoy reading THE RING.

Footlights vs. Ringlights

By MARK A. LUESCHER
Manager, New York Hippodrome and One of America's Leading Sportsmen

IF the recent engagement of World's Champion Jack Dempsey in "Get Together" at the New York Hippodrome has emphasized one important thing more than another, it is that the American public has a greater interest in boxing than at any previous time in the history of the modern pugilism. It must be confessed that we at the Hippodrome were just a little anxious to see the character of the audiences which would greet Dempsey during his appearances there. There was never at any time before he opened any doubt Dempsey would be a tremendous drawing card, but we wondered whether his audiences would be made up entirely of followers of boxing, or whether the cosmopolitan audiences which have comprised the public of the world's largest playhouse would remain unchanged during his engagement.

The appearance of a World's Champion in a New York theatre was something of a novelty. With the exception of James J. Corbett, who has now become regarded as an actor, boxers seldom have appeared in theatrical engagements in first class theatres in New York. Most of their appearances have been on tour with burlesque or variety organizations.

The Hippodrome not only was bringing the Champion to New York, but was proposing to present him in a theatre where the appeal always has been largely for school children and for people from outside New York City, as well as to New Yorkers, and moreover for an extended engagement. Boxers in the past usually have played but one-week engagements, regardless of the size of the city in which they were appearing.

The logical conclusion to be drawn, therefore, from the fact that the Champion for a period of three weeks drew to the Hippodrome audiences which were not materially different in their makeup from the usual Hippodrome clientele, which in the typical Hippodrome audience discloses an average representation from twenty-seven states, was that boxing today is entrenched more firmly, and has a greater hold upon the general public as well as upon a more specific sporting public than at any time in the history of the sport.

To us at the Hippodrome it seemed that Dempsey and his manager Jack Kearns, realized the great opportunity which the Hippodrome engagement gave for the presentation of the cause of boxing to a public which might be rich in converts to the cause. And it also seemed to us that the Champion himself realized the tremendous responsibility which rested upon him as the foremost boxer in the world, and the great opportunity he had to exert this for the good of the sport.

The entertainment furnished by the Champion and his manager was designed to introduce boxing in the most favorable light to a general public. First, Manager Kearns appeared, introducing the Champion, and indulging in some "patter" which was designed to show that a World's Champion in his street clothing or a dinner coat really was a quite presentable sort of fellow. Then while the Champion changed into his ring attire, a film was shown which followed the Champion through a day of his training routine, and which showed particularly to the thousands of juveniles who make up a great portion of the Hippodrome following, that ring skill to a great degree is made up of correct exercise and clean, temperate habits of living.

Mark Luescher

Following this came excerpts from the picture of the Dempsey-Carpentier championship match, and finally came the Champion himself in a three-round exhibition with a sparring partner. This last part of the entertainment proved the real worth of the Champion as a theatrical entertainer. It was found that the best exhibitions could be given against small men because of their superior speed, and the Champion soon evolved a routine in which he would in succession display his superb footwork, his skill in blocking and dodging and finally his offensive tactics.

"Alex" Trampitas, introduced as "Jimmie" Hussey, was the champion's most consistent partner, but Dempsey also appeared with such well-known ring stars as Mike McTigue, Joe Benjamin, the Coast lightweight, Harry London and Sammy Nable, the bantams, Jimmy Darcy, the middleweight, Jimmy O'Gatty, the lightweight, Kid Carter, the light heavyweight, Abe Goldstein, the flyweight, and Harry Greb, the conqueror of Tom Gibbons.

The referees among others included Harry Ertle, referee of the Dempsey-Carpentier bout, Oscar Shaw, A. E. Mathews, De Wolf Hopper, Maclyn Arbuckle, Douglas Fairbanks, Tony Biddle and Irving Brokaw.

It has been mentioned that juveniles make up a great portion of the Hippodrome clientele, and it was with the boys that the Champion most enjoyed himself. There were innumerable delegations of Boy Scouts to his performances, and almost invariably there was a reception after the performance, with the Champion shaking hands with every member of the delegation, autographing many pictures, occasionally presenting a set of autographed boxing gloves, and always contriving to convey to a group of youngsters of an impressionable age the virtues of clean living.

One of his most notable receptions was before a group of thirty boys without exception the sons of families listed in the New York Social Register. Another notable one was before a party of 2,000 newsboys brought to the big playhouse as the Champion's guests under the direction of Joe Bannon, the circulation manager of the New York *Evening Journal*.

With the Hippodrome people, the World's Champion gained a popularity which never before has been approached by any star in the Hippodrome. The Champion possesses an uncanny ability to remember names, and before the end of his engagement he was calling by name virtually every one of the 500 or more Hippodrome actors and employees with whom he came in daily contact. Thousands of persons came to the Hippodrome to see him upon one pretext or another, and almost without exception Dempsey would recognize and call by name those he had met before, recalling also the circumstances of the meeting.

What a successful politician he might have been with that vote-getting memory!

Notables from virtually every walk of life visited the Hippodrome during the Champion's engagement. Governor Edwards of New Jersey was at the Hippodrome to see Dempsey on the stage the night Harry Wills defeated Kid Norfolk in the Madison Square Garden, and it was from the Hippodrome that that staunch friend of boxing issued a statement that

(*Continued on page* 10)

A DAY WITH CHAMPION JACK DEMPSEY AT THE HIPPODROME

Upper right—World's Champion Jack Dempsey being interviewed at the New York Hippodrome by Capt. E. V. Chandler, British Army and International amateur heavyweight champion. Captain Chandler is a boxing writer for the London Daily Mail

Centre insert—Jack Kearns, Manager of Dempsey. *Copyright Underwood & Underwood*

Upper left—Jack Dempsey presents Boy Scout John Mason with a set of boxing gloves. Thousands of Boy Scouts and other youngsters saw the Champion at the Hippodrome, and he shook hands with virtually every one of them *Copyright Kadel & Herbert*

Jack and the gang. Dempsey at the New York Hippodrome with a group of the tramp clowns. *Copyright Underwood & Underwood*

Advance Guards Made the Boobs Fall

By A. D. PHILLIPS

INTERESTING stories that give publicity to the persons involved, are considered the stock in trade of press agents for theatrical celebrities. But boxers' managers have nothing to learn from their thespian brothers in this matter.

Back in 1898 there suddenly appeared on the horizon, an Irish champion, Mike Morrisey. His arrival in New York City was accompanied with all the hurrah and éclat that might have greeted a Marshal Foch or a Clemenceau. Morrisey was promptly matched to fight Peter Maher, a real Irish champion, and much preliminary sympathy was extended to Peter for the awful drubbing he was to receive from the great Morrisey.

When Mike left the dock he was placed in a hack, the wise birds and the boobs forming in lines behind and with a band playing "Hail to the Chief," the procession marched up Bowling Green to Broadway and up that thoroughfare to Park Row, thence through that street to the Bowery.

When the Dempsey-Carpentier match was in the making, we heard a great deal about Francois Descamps' hypnotic eye. In this match of Morrisey and Maher, the same thing was used to help create interest. But in those days we didn't call it "the hypnotic eye." We called it the "Svengali eye," a compliment to the greatest hypnotist of that period and everybody was talking about how Morrisey would wither Maher when he transfixed him with his "Svengali eye."

Well, the night of the fight arrived and every Irishman in New York was on pins and needles, some picking Morrisey and some Maher, but all jubilant over the fact that no matter which won Ireland would still have a champion.

So great was the interest and the enthusiasm that each fighter was paraded in an open hack to the arena with a band playing "The Wearing of the Green" and hundreds of supporters trailing behind.

Morrisey looked resplendent in bright green tights, but in this he had nothing on Maher, who always wore the green, and who, as Morrisey, rode to the arena in his fighting togs.

The fight was one of the shortest on record. Maher, who was often referred to by many good critics as the hardest hitter in the world, John L. Sullivan and Bob Fitzsimmons not excepted, walked out to the center of the ring in the first round and cracked Morrisey so hard on the chin that he stood him on his head.

An inquiry after the fight developed the fact that Morrisey was a pool room attendant in the lower section of the Bowery, that he never had seen Ireland nor been out of the limits of New York City, and that his fight with Maher was the first professional contest he ever had been in.

A further inquiry developed the fact that a number of crooked gamblers, engineered the ruse whereby Morrisey was taken on a tug down New York Bay and then was placed aboard an incoming liner ostensibly as a customs officer, but in reality for the purpose of posing as the great Irish champion. On the morning when the boat was due to arrive from Queenstown, the New York papers carried a big report of the wonderful Irish boxer who was coming to America to gain fistic laurels.

Needless to say the sure thing gamblers cleaned up a fortune on the fraud and when the true state of affairs was revealed, more than one of the crooks entrained for distant parts of the country.

Footlights vs. Ringlights

(*Continued from page* 8)

personally he would enter no objection to the staging of a championship match between the Champion and Wills at Boyle's Thirty Acres, the site of the match with Carpentier.

And so it is that the writer feels, based upon what happened at the Hippodrome, that it is a remarkably fine thing for the boxing world in general that Dempsey has been appearing behind the footlights as well as under the ring lights. The mere nature of a theatrical appearance is such that a boxer may meet his audiences much more intimately than in the ring, and for the championship boxer of whatever class, if he follows the example of Dempsey, he is doing a service of tremendous value to the boxing game.

It is inevitable that several thousand persons who never before were interested in boxing will make every effort to be in the arena when the Champion makes his next appearance in a championship bout. They will owe their interest in boxing to their having seen the Champion at the Hippodrome, and having been given an opportunity to observe "what manner of man he is."

And to a degree they will be interested in other boxers whom they never have seen, but whom they will make it a point to see when these boxers next appear in their vicinity. The boxing game needs these recruits and the workaday world needs the thousands who are aroused to an interest in physical training and clean living through such an outstanding example as the Champion.

Particularly is this true of the coming generation, which now has opportunities to learn the boxing game not accorded to the older generation, through the fact that boxing has become a recognized sport in virtually all of our schools and colleges, while hundreds of amateur clubs in this country are providing the best training schools we ever have known from which to gather recruits for the professional ring.

World's Champion Dempsey's Hippodrome engagement will be far-reaching in its significance. It is the best piece of missionary work which has ever been done for the boxing game, and in itself is a refutation of those who oppose the regulated type of boxing which is now enjoying prosperity because of clean management and clean boxing in such states as New York and New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut and other states where boxing commissions rule.

This is an age of sport and an age of education.

Dempsey, and Charles Dillingham, who made his Hippodrome engagement possible, both are to be commended for introducing this fine sport to a new public.

Notice to Managers of Boxers

Why spend $100 or more for publicity posters advertising your boxers?

Do you know that the average sporting editor invariably throws your poster into the waste basket without even looking at it.

THE RING can save you considerable money and at the same time obtain some attention for your boxer through the insertion of a full page ad. THE RING not only is read widely but gets into the hands of every sporting editor in America and Canada. A book such as THE RING is not thrown into the waste basket before its contents are fully digested by the sporting editor and his staff.

Once you try our method of getting your boxer before the public you never will again spend your money on posters.

Communicate with the editor for further information.

Advertise in The Ring

Advertising rates for space in THE RING given upon request.

It pays to advertise in this magazine. The readers of THE RING are men who buy.

Neither Man, Dog Nor Devil Bothered Him

By ED COLE

Famous Turf Judge and Former Sporting Editor of the Philadelphia Call

JOHN BREWER, the champion pigeon shot of this country or any other for that matter, was one of the first Americans to get acquainted with Bob Fitzsimmons. John happened to be returning from Australia where he had contested the championship with a Mr. Clark the winner of the Melbourne Gun Club Cup. On the boat coming home was Fitzsimmons. The two were companions on the trip and Brewer's description of Fitzsimmons was possibly more unique than complimentary as regards his physique and appearance.

When Brewer landed in Philadelphia after leaving Fitzsimmons in San Francisco he paid a visit to the writer, then Sporting Editor of the *Philadelphia Call*. With him he had a letter addressed to the writer from his brother in Melbourne which advised the backing of Fitzsimmons no matter whom he met notwithstanding Fitz was yet a decided middleweight. Quoting from the letter one paragraph read:

"Bet five hundred quid for me on the blacksmith no matter who he fights and don't forget to put a good bet down for yourself and if he loses I'll pay. He is a phenomenal man."

I asked Brewer what he thought of Fitzsimmons and why he was such a good man while merely a middleweight.

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Brewer. "In the first place he is fearless, doesn't even know what the word danger means. Neither man, dog nor devil bothers him. Then again he is as quick as a tiger with his fists.

"Regarding his build and general make-up the son of a gun seems to be split up to the neck, has two arms on him as long as telegraph poles and the freckles on him lap over each other like slats on a roof. He's just a big kid playing jokes on everybody.

"His great joke was to trip a sailor and get him mad enough to make him try and hit him when Bob would just laugh and duck and dodge and brush off a coming punch as though it were a fly. That seemed to be a part of training when aboard ship. No one wanted to put the gloves on with him a second time only with the promise that Fitz would not hit back. There was only one style of boxing I ever did with him, or at least promised to, and that was for Fitz to be dropped into the hold of the boat and let me throw belaying pins at him."

Brewer's description of Fitzsimmons was true to the letter in practically every respect. He was a great lover of animals even to making pets of lions, as well as the biggest of dogs. One great dane, he named Yerrum, was Fitz's most faithful animal. He could keep invaders from his training camp much better than an army of police.

While training for his fight with Corbett, Yarrum was always on watch at the gate and no one ever attempted to pass unless it was with the sanction of Fitz. Up to the morning of his battle in Carson City he wrestled with the one-hundred-pound Yarrum and delighted in making the big beast mad by teasing until he would jump at him when Bob would catch him by the loose skin of his throat and toss him away like bits of rolled up paper.

Fitz's confidence in himself was unequalled. He believed defeat was out of all question. He was the coolest man in Carson City two minutes before George Siler called him and Corbett to the center of the ring for instructions.

When he refused to shake hands with Corbett as customary, he looked at him with the most satisfied sort of smile as much as to say:

"Now I've got you where I want you, and I'm just going to teach you that that little rumpus we had in Green's Hotel in Philadelphia is going to be avenged."

Pugilistic Rhythm

Little Thought for Today!

There's a a knockout dealt by Flynn to
Mr. Dempsey—
This Benny Leonard kissed the canvas
twice—
In the history of Kilbane there's a mem-
ory full of pain
When he butted up against this same
device.
One knockout doesn't put you on the
hummer—
The lad the dreamland poke has put
away
May deal the champion sorrow and win
his throne tomorrow—
If he keeps his nerve to win another
day!
So when fate steps in and drives you to
the resin
To slumber through the deadly count
of ten—
Your life it is not blighting—keep your
nerve and go on fighting
And you'll find that you can reach the
top again!

The Pug to His Lady Love

Kid! You're there! I must admit it!
You're th' class among th' bunch.
All th' other dames? Forgit it!
When they call I'm out t' lunch.

Kid! I love to hear yuh talkin',
There is ragtime in your spiel.
All th' rest kin keep on walkin';
You're the only one that's real.

Kid! Yuh keep my heart a-bumpin'
With your hair so sweetly coirled.
For youh I'm—an' this is sumpin'—
Sighweight champeen of th' woild.

JAMES K. MCGUINNESS.

The Fight Manager Talks

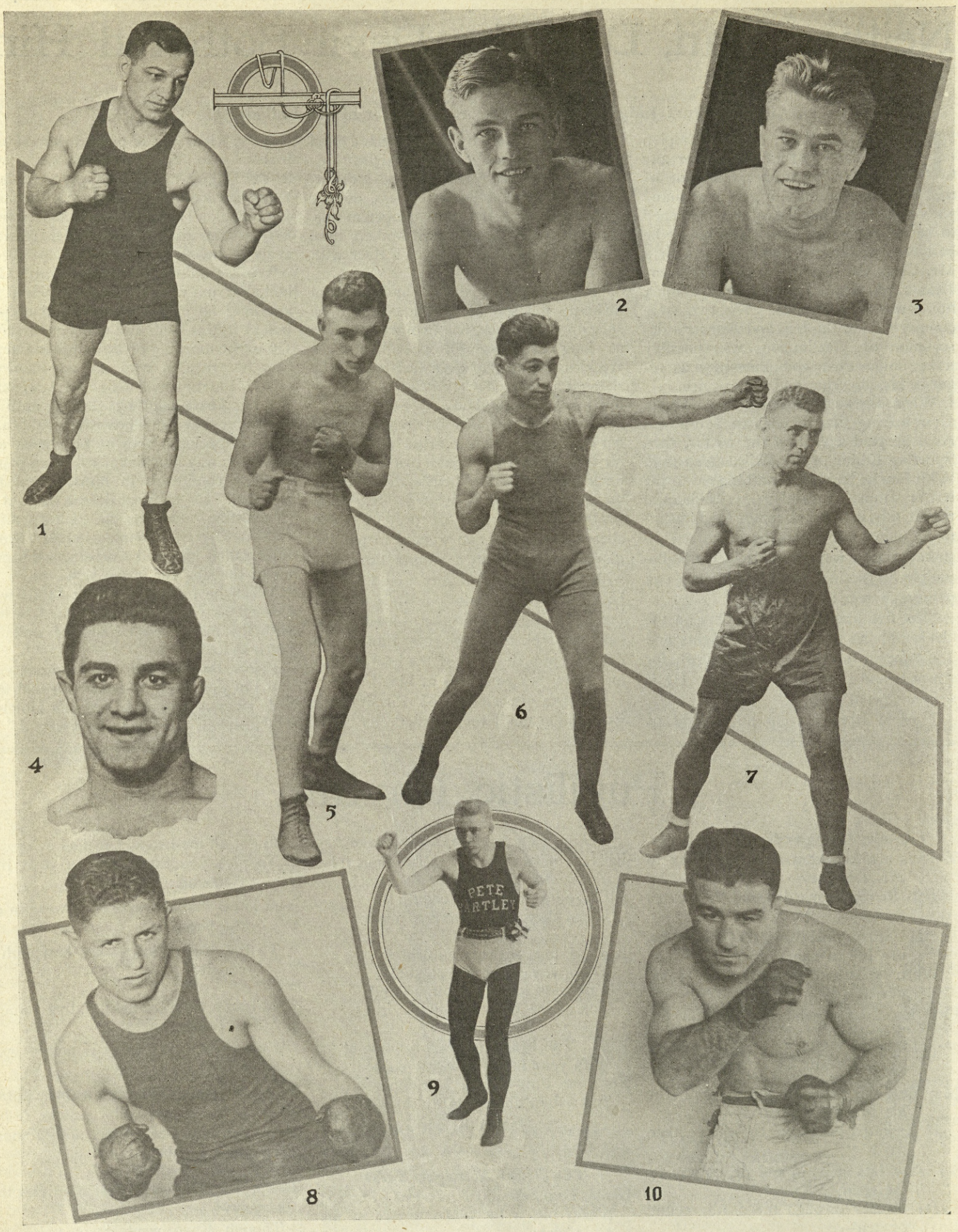
Gents, I am here in th' interests of truth;
S'help me, a lie would expire in me
t'roat;
But, honest, they robbed us, those birds
in Duluth,
Out of the decision—the same as I
wrote.

You got all me letters I mailed ev'ry day
To give you the inside on what had
come off;
You know that the wise ones were in on
the play
To rob Kayo Farley—an' him with a
cough?

That tramp we were fightin', that Johnny
O'Toole,
He couldn't hit Farley if armed with
a club,
'Cause, you know, Farley's a sure-fightin'
fool.
An' the bum that we met nothin' more
than a dub.

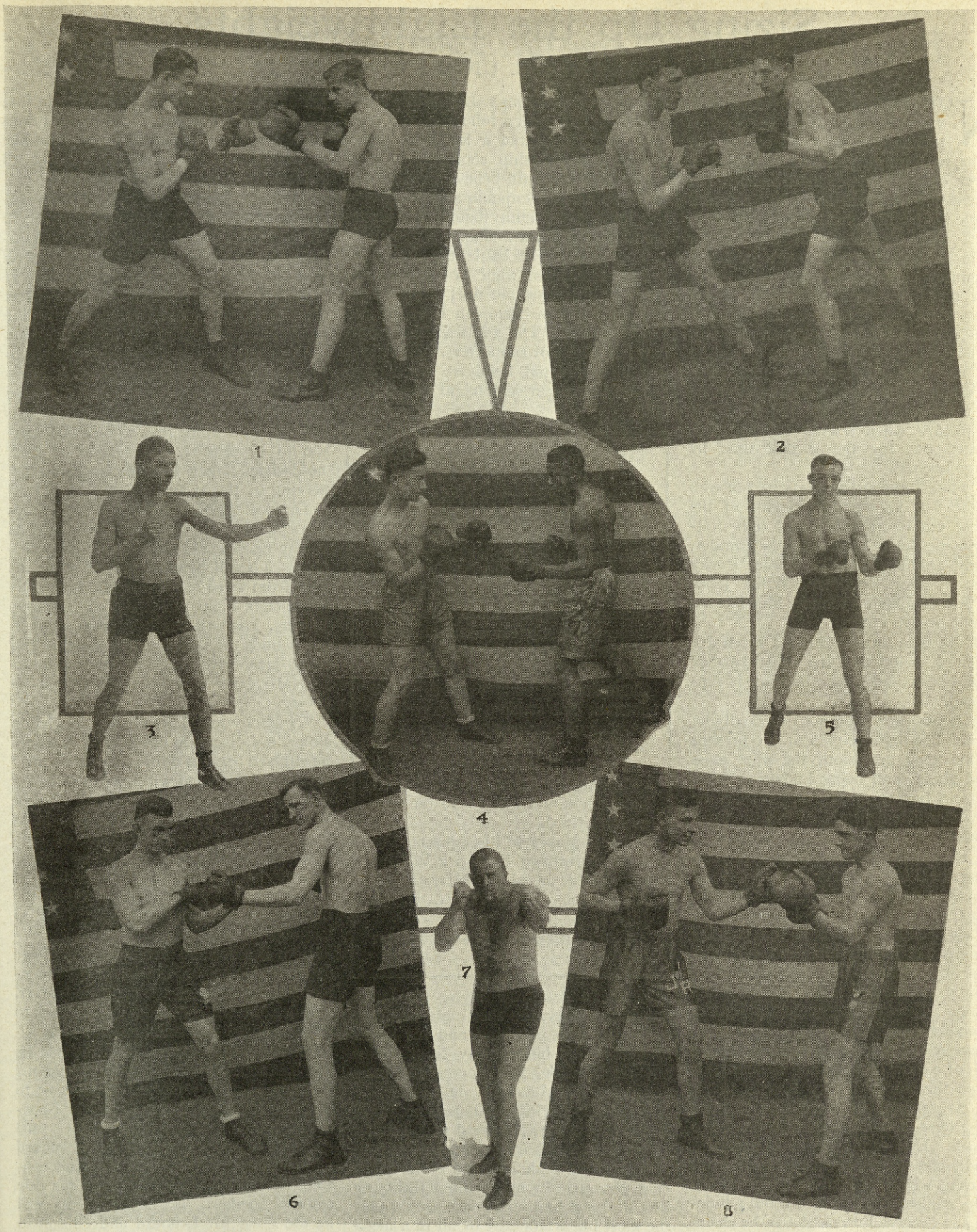
The papers, they robbed us, as sure as the
day;
Though Kayo went down twice, he
merely had slipped.
And so I came on from Duluth for to say
We went there to fight and got prop-
erly gipped.

WORLD'S LEADING CONTENDERS FOR BENNY LEONARD'S LIGHTWEIGHT TITLE



1—*Rocky Kansas.*
2—*Pinky Mitchell.*
3—*Richie Mitchell.*
4—*Sailor Friedman.*
5—*Lew Tendler.*
6—*Willie Jackson.*
7—*Johnny Mendelsohn.*
8—*Joe Benjamin.*
9—*Pete Hartley.*
10—*Johnny Dundee.*

NEW YORK AND PITTSBURG AMATEUR BOXERS IN NATIONAL TOURNEY



1—*Sid Terris, Rutgers Gym, and Frank Lottimer, St. Jeromes C. C.*
2—*I. Falkenstein, 92nd St. Y. M. H. A., and Herman Rosenblum, Union Settlement.*
3—*Billie Lindow, Willow A. C., Pittsburg.*
4—*Leroy Powell, St. Christopher Club and N. Quagliorelli, Pastime A. C.*
5—*Joe Ryan, Willow A. C., Pittsburg.*
6—*Frank T. Koebele, National Athletic Club and Chas. McKenna, St. Alphonsus Club.*
7—*Claire Broad, Pittsburg.*
8—*Jack Rosenberg, Bronxdale A. C. and Albert Pollio, Trinity Club.*

Sizing Up the Lightweights

By GEORGE B. UNDERWOOD

NOTHING will show more convincingly how close the Jew is treading on the heels of the Celt in the race for pugilistic laurels than a survey of the lightweight division. The descendants of Brian Boru still continue to rule the pugilistic roost but the race in which flows the blood of the warrior David is menacing the Gael's pugilistic supremacy closer each year.

In the lightweight class the Jewish boxer stands supreme. Among the 135 pounders the Celt does not even play second fiddle, for the Italian is the closest, in fact the only rival of the Jew. The Celt's lone lightweight representative of any championship caliber faded out of the picture when Richie Mitchell was knocked out for the second time by Benny Leonard.

If you ask the average boxing fan who are the best known lightweights of the present era he probably will unhesitatingly name Benny Leonard, Lew Tendler, Johnny Dundee, Charlie White, Rocky Kansas, Sailor Friedman, Willie Jackson, Joe Benjamin, Johnny Mendelsohn and one or two others.

Of the nine men mentioned seven are of Jewish blood and the other two of Italian extraction. No other race is represented.

These nine men may not necessarily be the nine best lightweights of the present day but they are about the nine most talked about, and being known is what counts in boxing or any other sport or business which depends so largely upon publicity.

It is almost the unanimous opinion among the fistic experts that if any of the present crop of 135 pounders deprive champion Leonard of his laurels it will be Lew Tendler. That is the popular opinion. Yet Johnny Dundee has almost as roseate a chance. Dundee's chances of deposing Leonard rest on his outpointing him. The knockout equation figures in Tendler's prospects.

None of the other men mentioned have much of a show of whipping Leonard, although the sturdy Rocky Kansas might turn the trick if he were able to meet Benny over the old 45-round route, or to a finish. Like rating might be accorded Mendelsohn, for he seems a sturdy, tireless chap who, like Kansas might absorb all the punishment Leonard could administer and eventually wear down the champion.

White with his deadly left hook still must be considered a dangerous contender. Friedman and Jackson can be removed from consideration. Neither has a chance against Leonard. Both, however, had many followers and each was long considered a legitimate lightweight championship contender. Some experts, in fact, still believe Friedman is in the running. Benjamin also remains in the lightweight hunt though his championship chances are slim.

The lightweight battle the American boxing fans most want to see undoubtedly is a fifteen-round duel to an official decision between champion Leonard and Lew Tendler. The Philadelphia southpaw has a host of supporters, who believe that he would put Benny to the hardest test of his career and might knock him out.

Six Sets of Boxing Gloves to Be Given to Our Readers

Are you a member of an athletic club? If so, help your club to gain prominence in amateur boxing tournaments by getting for it a supply of boxing gloves.

THE RING, in order to stimulate boxing among amateurs, and at the same time gain for itself an army of readers, will give three sets of A. G. Spalding Official A. A. U. Championship boxing gloves to the amateur club sending in the greatest number of subscriptions during the months of April, May and June.

Two sets will be awarded to the club standing second on the list of subscribers and one set to the club ranking third.

These gloves will be presented to the club through Frederick W. Rubien, president of the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U. on July 1.

Clubs throughout the country are eligible.

Tendler's southpaw style, his body-punching ability, the speed and accuracy of his general punching and his knack of getting his blows away from almost any angle, make him appear the most dangerous man Leonard could tackle.

Personally we believe there is not much to choose between Leonard and Tendler as far as actual boxing technique is concerned. We think Leonard is the better ring general. In our opinion the question of heart and confidence would play the most important part of all in a meeting between the two great Hebrew lightweights.

Our study of Tendler gives us the impression that Lew is very temperamental and his mental state plays a more important part in his ring contests than that of the average boxer. If Tendler thinks he can whip an opponent he can box like a wizard. If his confidence is at all shaken he slumps off lamentably.

If Lew Tendler really and truly believes he can defeat Leonard he is likely to turn the trick, or else give the champion the most bitterly waged and close contest Leonard ever engaged in. If Tendler, down in his heart, has any secret fear or great respect for Benny, the champion will figuratively annihilate him.

Next to Tendler Johnny Dundee appears to have the best chance of dethroning the great Leonard. The pair have met many times yet Leonard never was able to show more than a hair line margin of superiority. In several of their no-decision bouts Dundee appeared deserving of the award.

Dundee claims that the odds always were in favor of Leonard, inasmuch as Benny never made weight for him. Dundee is a small lightweight and is at his best from three to five pounds under the lightweight limit. In every contest, says Johnny, Leonard has had from eight to ten pounds the better of the weights and sometimes even higher, inasmuch as Leonard came in at any old weight he chose.

"If Benny and I invariably fought on almost even terms at catch-weights where he enjoyed ten or a dozen pounds on me," says Dundee, "what will happen if I ever can get Leonard in an official contest where he will be forced to weigh in at the official lightweight limit of 135 pounds? I will beat him just as sure as your're born? Can't you see that if Benny was not afraid to meet me at the lightweight limit he would have done so long ago?"

Both Dundee and Tendler are likely to get their longed-for cracks at the championship long before the summer is over. Dundee, in fact, already is matched to meet Leonard this summer.

Manager Billy Gibson declares that he and Leonard have no animosity against Tendler, that they never will consent to give the Philadelphian a chance at Leonard's crown. When the right time comes, however, you will see Leonard and Gibson affix their signatures to a contract binding Leonard to defend his title against Tendler. The inducements will be too great for Leonard and Gibson to resist.

When Benny and Lew do meet we want to be right up close at the ringside, for the duel undoubtedly will be one of the greatest in sports history.

Clergy and Business Men Praise Billiard Rooms

EVERYTHING is going to the bowwows these days. So says the reformer. We are on the era of the downward path that means the destruction of the country. We are sinking faster than ancient Greece did when that country meant to the world all that was great in culture. The time will come when everyone will have taken everyone else's purse and there will be no longer a United States of America. It is just the case of the snake swallowing the snake.

Billiard rooms are the breeding places of all sorts of iniquity. So say the holier-than-thou persons of the community who ofttimes do not really believe such conditions exist.

"The reformer who has nothing to reform soon joins the army of the unemployed." So says Mr. McCarthy, an estimable business man of Boston who has a particular interest in the sport of playing billiards.

"We are facing a very serious problem," he adds. "The question we must answer is, 'Why is a reformer?' Nothing stands in the pathway of these liberty-destroying persons. They are sweeping the country, and the time will come, if we do not stand together, when we will all be buried in the graveyard of regrets."

This is just a little foreword to much that was said at the tenth annual dinner of the New York Billiard Room Owners' Association recently. This was held at the Astor Hotel in New York and was attended by an enthusiastic gathering of 200, male and female, which enjoyed a very fine repast and dance. There were other things said, though, that we should like to record for the benefit of the billiard room owners throughout the country.

There was a standing quip one time that proficiency in billiards was the evidence of a misspent youth. That might have been true in the old days of the two-and-a-half-cent a cue "pool parlor," but it is not so today. Perhaps it was a game that one time conjured up thoughts of ne'er-do-wells who just "hung around." That day is past. The game of billiards is now the game of the gentleman, whether he be poor or rich. It is no longer the game of the thug.

There may be certain cases where room keepers cater to the lower element, but that is rapidly dying out, and it was the purpose of the New York Billiard Room Owners' Association when it was founded to eradicate this phase of the sport entirely. So far it has been very successful in New York, and Boston has reported fine progress, too. The move is on now to make the movement a nationwide one, so that a billiard room will be a place where mother and kids can go when daddy is playing a match with friend neighbor.

There are many rooms at the present time where this prevails. In New York, just to mention a few, we might speak of Maurice Daly's place, Doyle's, Dwyer's Rational Academy, Lawlor's, Dunn's Joe Thum's, Cranfield's, the Madison. For a long time Jack Doyle has made a specialty of billiards for women, and for years, he has had a restaurant and grill where the missus might come to sit down to supper if hubby was particularly engrossed in a game of the caromic art.

There may be still some wrong places, but as Mr. McCarthy says:—"Because a delicatessen storekeeper has committed a crime we don't try to wipe out the whole delicatessen business.

"Just because there are certain cankers which threaten to destroy the business let's not despair and sit back watchfully waiting for what is going to happen. Let's take off the kid gloves and put on brass knuckles and knock these few eyesores out of business.

"To kill a forest fire you must start one."

Thus wound up the Bostonian in his little talk to the crowd. They don't propose to stand by and see legislation made which will stop the game of billiards on Sunday. There are millions playing it today—probably more interested in it than any other sport that could be mentioned, and they like to play on Sunday just the same as they might like to play checkers or chess and feel that they were not endangering their souls in the eyes of God or setting an unmoral example to the rising generation.

Counsellor Maroney, with whom the writer has played many a time at Doyle's, stated it aptly when he said the Jews had the right idea in regard to Sunday. We never thought of it before, but that is the Sabbath Day, and in the old lore of the Israelite that meant a day of rest and recreation.

One of the strongest advocates of the billiard game at the dinner was Father Cornelius Fitzsimmons, of St. Aloysius' Church, New York. Father "Fitz" as all those who know and love him call him, plays a wicked little game of balkline himself, and he told the writer that he did not think that anyone would go deep down into the depths of perdition if he handled a cue.

Let me tell you just a few things that this virile and human member of the clergy told me:—

"A man cannot dissipate and play billiards.

"It leads to the building up of character, for there are no cheats in the game.

"I went all the way to Chicago to see the championship and I shall never regret what I spent, for I met there, just as I always do at billiard matches, men of sterling character.

"I come not here as a reformer."

Let us introduce just a few more words of wisdom from those who were at the dinner and have studied the problem of these paid reformers, or perhaps it might be better to call them performers.

Max L. Brooks, who runs such a naughty place that they call him the "Billy Sunday of Brooklyn":—

"Clean billiards has proved most successful. I spoke once on this subject for twenty minutes and every one applauded until some one said, 'Sit down, you yap, this is my reception'." Max then sat down with the shortest speech of the night.

This from Counsellor Maroney:—

"And, O Lord, make us a little better than the angels, and that is what they want to do with billiardists."

Mrs. Frank, the only woman enthusiast who made a speech, spoke forcibly for movement to combat these agitators who would curtail the hours of play to a silly limit and stop the game all day Sunday. She said she realized as the others did that the rooms in New York could not pay rent if they were obliged to close on Sunday. She said:—

"We must make the atmosphere of a billiard room an educational one in a sense. We should have a little motto on the wall—'Beautiful hands are they that do beautiful things and true'."

"Make patrons feel that they are friends. I am so glad to see so many intellectual faces here," she said, and looked right into Maurice Daly, Jr.'s eyes.

The get together meeting which promises to result in the formation of a national organization, was held in the East Ball Room, but little Doug Isaacs, the secretary, says that next year the Grand Ball Room will hardly be big enough to hold all. Maurice Daly, the dean of the room owners, pronounced the invocation and Ed Lawler the benediction.

How Amateur Boxing Has Come to the Fore

By FREDERICK W. RUBIEN

Secretary-Treasurer Amateur Athletic Union

AMATEUR boxing is now at the height of its popularity in the State of New York. This is due partly to the support given by the Boxing Commission in sharply drawing the line between amateurs and professionals and enforcing the New York State boxing laws. It is also due to the fact that amateur boxing has been conducted in large halls where the general public has an opportunity to witness it and to the splendid support of the sporting writers who for many years paid attention only to professional boxing. These writers now witness amateur boxing and keenly enjoy it and when such experts think well of the amateur boxing game, it behooves the general public to wake up because it surely is missing something.

The boom in New York is reflected in other districts such as Boston, Bridgeport, Albany, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Gary, Milwaukee, Birmingham, New Orleans and the large Pacific coast cities where tournaments are being held every week and more competitors are seen in action than ever before. That the public is showing great interest is evidenced by the seven thousand fans who attended the finals of the Metropolitan Championships in Madison Square Garden last March 16th and witnessed five solid hours of boxing from 8 p. m. to 1 a. m. Ninety per cent of the audience remained until the last bout, twenty-five three-round bouts being contested.

About thirty-five years ago boxers as a rule had no gymnasium to train in and many did their training in rear rooms attached to the old-fashioned corner saloon. About this time clubs interested in track and field athletics began to spring up. Crude gymnasiums were built and interest in boxing began to develop. Church organizations began to add gymnasiums to their parish houses. Settlement houses sprang up in the crowded districts. Athletic clubs were formed in these organizations and they developed boxers, some of them becoming national and even Olympic champions. Some have become professionals but they retain their club spirit and in appreciation of the benefits derived from their old clubs, continue to train in their old gymnasiums and help teach the newcomers the fine points of boxing.

The boy of the present day who is athletically inclined has had the benefit of athletic development in the gymnasiums and tracks of our public schools and then as a working boy he continues his interest in his favorite sports. He has an opportunity to learn from some prominent boxer who is training in the club gymnasium. He has an opportunity of "putting on the gloves" with some of the former amateur champions, some who are now in the professional ranks who are glad of an opportunity of a work-out, and in a short while the novice develops considerable confidence in his ability as a boxer and club spirit rings him into our amateur tournaments.

He gets plenty of competition and the benefit of a great amount of training and in a short time develops skill. He not only develops his own physique but affords many of his club members an opportunity to learn "the manly art of self-defense" and is the means of helping to build up his club and attracting many members to it, thereby giving others an opportunity to follow in his footsteps.

Occasionally our amateur boxers aspire to become professional boxers. This is largely due to the coaxing and urging of a great many of the professional boxing promoters who frequent amateur boxing tournaments looking for coming champions. Unfortunately, promising boxers are rushed into the professional ranks before they are fully matured and developed and are asked to meet the best men in their classes.

This is wrong and very unfair to the amateur. If these men were given an opportunity to reach the head of their amateur class as were DeGenaro and Mosberg who won National and Olympic championships, they would give a good account of themselves and in time reach the top rung of the professional ladder. Many prominent amateurs, properly advised and managed, have made or are making good as professionals. Among them are Frank DeGenaro, former National and Olympic champion and looked upon as the coming flyweight champion of America; Abe Goldstein, considered one of the best flyweights ever developed in the Metropolitan district; Artie Root, the great flyweight of Cleveland; Joe Lynch, former professional bantam champion of America; Benny Valger, former national and Metropolitan champion; Willie O'Connell, Sammy Sieger and George Daly, former national amateur champion.

Then there are Louis Gugliemini, bantamweight; Sammy Nagel, Metropolitan bantamweight champion; A. Friedman, Matty Herberts, bantamweights; Charley Beecher, Metropolitan featherweight champion; Joe Tiplitz and Charles Pilkington, featherweights; Sammy Mosberg, national and Olympic lightweight champion; Pinky Mitchell of Milwaukee, lightweight; Archie Walker and Ben Ponteau, Ray Pyrel and Jack Zivic of Pittsburgh, lightweights; Dave Rosenberg, former Metropolitan and national welterweight champion and now the leading contender for the middleweight professional championship; Jack Burke of Pittsburgh, a promising middleweight; Augie Ratner, former national and Pan-American amateur welterweight champion, and Ted Jameson, light heavyweight.

Many of these boxers are from the Metropolitan district. The temptation to become professionals has not been so noticeable in Boston, Pittsburgh and other centers where amateur boxing has always been more popular than professional boxing.

It will be of interest to note that James J. Corbett and James Britt competed for the Olympic Club of San Francisco as amateurs before embarking on their professional careers.

The biggest event in amateur boxing in this country is the national championships of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States scheduled for April 17-18 in Boston. The district associations plan their various tournaments so that the amateur boxer reaches the highest point of his training at this time of the year. The district association championships have been held throughout the country during the past few weeks and the winners were selected by their associations to represent their respective districts at the national championships.

The national championships will be held at the Boston Arena on Monday and Tuesday evenings, April 17 and 18, and all sections of the country will be represented by the best boxers in amateur competition.

Among the associations that will be represented at the national championships are the New England, Connecticut, Metropolitan, Adirondack, Allegheny Mountain, Southern, Southern Pacific, Middle Atlantic, Niagara, Indiana, Western and Central Associations and the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada.

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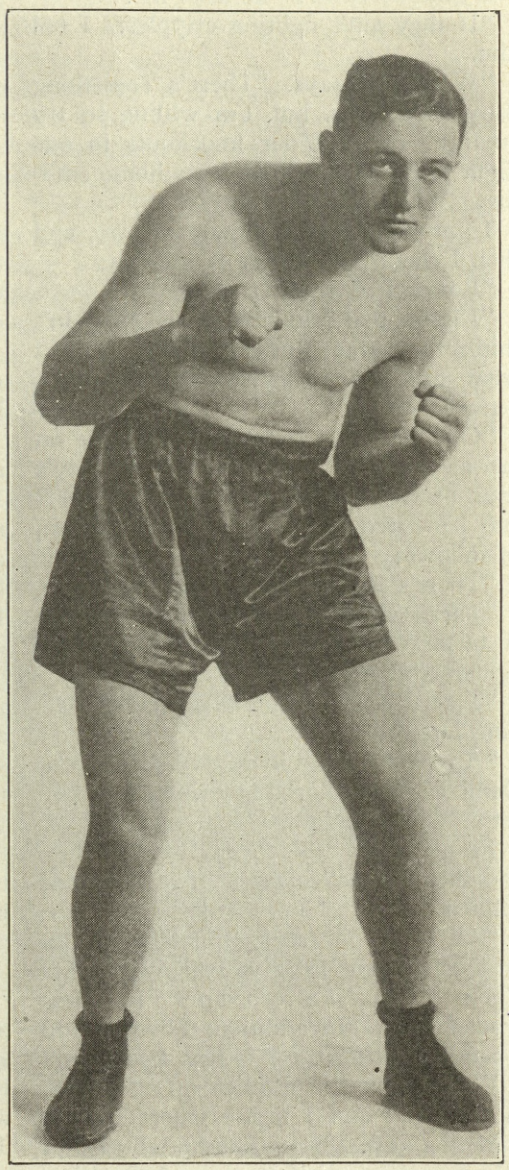
Brooklyn Has a Second Edition of Terrible Terry McGovern in Vincent Pepper Martin

BROOKLYN has in its surroundings a young featherweight, who by many experts is being called a second edition of Terrible Terry McGovern. This young boxer is an Irish-American, Vincent Pepper Martin by name, nephew of Smoky Joe Martin, one of the greatest fire eaters New York City ever has had on its payroll. Martin is only twenty-four years old and during his short ring career has scored so many knockdowns and knockouts that he has fully justified the contention of his admirers that he is one of the best battlers developed in Brooklyn since the palmy days of McGovern.

Martin is a graduate of Erasmus Hall High School, a school that has turned out many wonderful athletes, but he is the first of the alumni of this famous Brooklyn institution to enter the pugilistic field. The peppery Brooklynite took up boxing as a profession after his marriage to a Pittsburgh school teacher, Marjorie Dysert, and has made such a success of his vocation that he has strong hopes of annexing a world's title before he is ready to retire.



In his last twenty-one fights he has not failed to score a knockout or knockdown. Charley Beecher, Harvey Bright, Kid Sullivan, Bobby Michaels, Eddie Brady, Mickey Brown, Tommy Noble, Freddy Jacks and Sammy Sieger have each been floored by this great Brooklyn featherweight, while Sammy Schiff, Jimmy Sacco, Jimmy Dwyer and Sid Barnard have tasted Pepper's Knockout Punch.

Johnny Keyes, manager of Martin, has tried often to get Johnny Kilbane into the ring with Pepper but without result. Recently Irving Lewis, the Boston promoter, offered Kilbane $35,000 to box Martin but Johnny refused whereupon Keyes handed Kilbane a certified check for $50,000 to go through with the match but Kilbane sneered at this sum.

When Kilbane sailed for Europe recently he was greeted by Martin who asked Johnny to give him a crack at the featherweight title and Johnny declared he would do so when he returned from Europe. That remains to be seen. In the meantime any promoter seeking the liveliest battler in his division need go no further than to sign

VINCENT PEPPER MARTIN FOR A FIGHT

****

NO LEGITIMATE FEATHERWEIGHT IS BARRED BY BROOKLYN'S SECOND TERRY McGOVERN

Address JOHNNY KEYES

245 West 47th Street, Room 504 New York City, N. Y.

Advertisement

Kid Socko Sees It Work

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

THE best laid eggs of hen and duck are often gang astray. You can take that from yours humbly and play it from the omelette to the four-minute boiled, and back again to cold storage if you want to.

Well, what all that means is simply this: you can't always be sure and even then you're probably wrong about it.

Well, you know that a little while ago I have a great plan all cooked up, which is simply to advertise myself as follows:

THE ONLY MANAGER OF BOXERS WHICH GUARANTEES A KNOCKOUT EVERY TIME ONE OF HIS BOYS APPEARS. A KNOCKOUT OR YOUR MONEY BACK—THAT'S MY MOTTO!

Well, that is all right as far as it goes, and it doesn't say nothing about who's going to be knocked out. My motto is that what people don't know don't give them any grey hairs, unless they happen to be women, in which case they are going to find out anyway, and besides they know how to dye the stuff if it does start to fade a bit in the sunlight.

Of course, I figure that my boys will be the ones who will come to and all the ring lamps gleaming down on them, as the sporting writers put it, but my motto is that that won't interfere none with the public's enjoyment. No one cares much who gets plastered in a fight. The only howl I ever hear is when no one gets separated from his good looks.

Well, my plan looks good from the start and it makes a great hit with every one concerned, so the first thing I know the telephone bell rings in my palatial hotel suite, and I answer it as follows:

"Yes," I say, "This is the Mills—who do you want? Yes, this is Kid Socko. Yes, I've got some good boys. Yes? I'm ready to let them go on any time now. Yes, Mr. Flournoy, I'll be right down to your office. Yes, I'll take a taxi."

So I hop on a street car and it ain't no time before I'm at the old Garden talking to Frank himself.

He asks me as follows:

"How many boys have you got, Socko?" he says.

I answer him as follows:

"Well," I says. "How many do you want?"

My motto is: never lay your hand down until the last chip is in the pot.

He pulls a wise crack on me, as follows:

"Not more than eighteen or nineteen at a time anyway," he says. "Have you got four of them set for a go?"

"Yes," I say. "Four good ones."

"And you guarantee a knockout with everyone of them?" he asks me.

"If they ain't fighting cripples," I tell him.

"Well," he says, "There's something fishy about this, but I'm willing to try anything once. Four knockouts in one night ought to send the folks home smiling. What are your boys?"

I gulp hard for a minute or two, and then I shoot one at him as follows:

"Boxers!" I says.

"I know that," he breaks in. "I didn't think they was Russian dancers. But what are they — lightweights, welters, heavies—what?"

"Oh!" I says, a great light dawning on me, as the sport writers put it. "They's four of them in four different classes," and I proceed to give him the low down, as follows:

"There's Kid Blocken Fall, a heavy.

"Then they's Young Carthage, which is faster than his namesake, an' he's a lightweight.

"Then they's a bantam, which is Battling Dessert.

"An then they's a middleweight, Young Demi Tasse, a colored boy which has seen better days—but not much better."

Frank thinks this over for a minute and then he makes me a proposition, as follows:

"All right," he says, "I'll take the lot on the hoof an' I'll give you five dollars a pound, which is a record price for hams around here. In addition, I'll give you a bonus of $250 for every knockout."

Well, I give this a quick up and down in my mind and I figure where we are going to have seven thousand bucks to split five ways—half to me and the other half between the boys. I want to jump up and grab Flournoy around the neck, but that ain't my motto. My motto is: never let a good thing get wise to itself. So I stall a while and finally I sign up for four bouts.

Of course, I call all my boys together and tell them to push a little harder on their wheelbarrows as they are in training now, and then I tell them to meet me at noon on the day of the fight, so as we can go to the Garden and weigh in.

Well, that part of it goes through O.K. and every thing looks pretty sweet, but I am waiting for the colored gent to walk out of the woodpile, and while he is late making his appearance, he finally does.

My motto is: it never rains in the dry season, when rain is most needed.

There ain't much of a crowd at the old Garden that night, but Flournoy tells me not to worry about that. It's all right, he says, on account of no one worries about getting there in time for the first two preliminaries, preferring to stay and have another at some place where they know the boss.

"You get your dough just the same," he says, "so all you got to do is get your boys in and out of the ring. And remember that I'm paying two hundred and fifty bucks in American money for every knockout. Give 'em an extra shot of the needle tonight."

Well, my bantam, Battling Dessert, is on for the first go, and he is fighting a boy named Kayo Hotspur.

The bell rings, the boys shake hands and eleven seconds later I am carrying Battling Dessert out of the ring. That makes one knockout, and an easy two and a half, although I figure I am certainly going to earn my money on Kid Blocken Fall, who weighs in at two hundred pounds even.

My lightweight goes a bit further, mainly because the boy he is fighting ain't any too willin' to overlook any soft spots in the carpet himself. Finally, though, they clinch in the third round, which is the first time they get that close together, and my boy beats the other bird to a fall. He flops while his opponent is getting set. Talk about your phantom punches. That made a ghost look like the Queen of the May.

So I lug Young Carthage out and bring on Young Demi Tasse, who is thrown in against a colored tiger called The Camel Kid. He'd walk a mile for a smoke to wallop, but he don't have to go that far this time. Only four times around the ring and then he catches my phenom. Sock! Flop! Bell! Another two fifty. Demi Tasse goes down in one gulp.

Well, it only leaves me then with one more bit of agony and I lead out Kid Blocken Fall. He ain't so tough at that, although he does bump some against the chairs when I am dragging him through the aisles a few minutes later. The Kid blocks one—with his jaw—and falls.

My motto is; strike while the going's good, so I rush into the box office and grab Flournoy. I speak to him as follows:

"Well," I tell him. "It's all over."

What's all over?" he asks. "The first bout?"

"All the bouts. Four of them," I tell him, gleefully. "And every one of them a knockout."

This staggers him and he rushes inside the Garden, but he sees the mob coming

(*Continued on page* 19)

Harry Wills Most Logical Opponent for Jack Dempsey

By FRANCIS ALBERTINI

WILL Jack Dempsey, world's heavyweight champion be forced into a match with Harry Wills, champion negro battler of the division and leading contender in the class for Dempsey's crown?

This is the question which continues uppermost among the fistic fans throughout the country.

That there is little desire on the part of Jack Kearns, manager of Dempsey, to consent to a match with the Negro seems obvious judging by his trip abroad with Dempsey at a time when popular clamor calls for a contest for Wills, yet the fact remains that Dempsey either must fight Wills or the champion must remain inactive for an extended period.

While true that in some sections of the country mixed bouts might be objectionable from a standpoint of possible race riots, it seems only just that prejudice be eliminated in every clean sport, and that if boxing is to hold its place in the field of athletic activities, discrimination must not be countenanced.

Twenty-three boxing commissions rule the sport in the United States, and in all the members are men of high intelligence, broad-minded and strict disciplinarians. Men such as these cannot in true justice to the sport place a ban on a Wills-Dempsey fight.

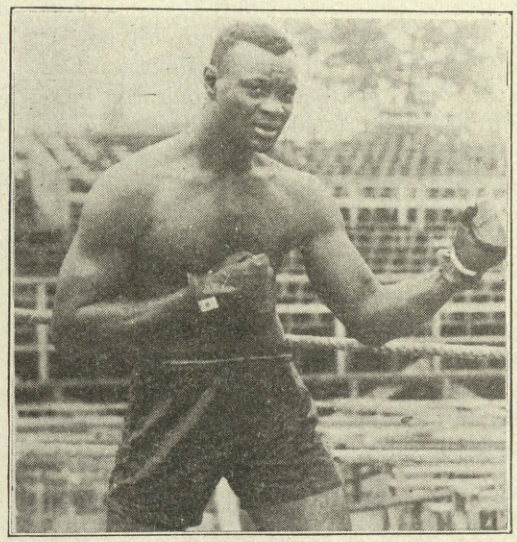
Wills is a clean athlete, a splendid sportsman, a boxer of high ideals who has proved himself a credit to the game and to his race. Never has a word of scandal been uttered against this negro champion, never has his honesty or motives been questioned; or cleanliness of life been disputed; hence, from the standpoint of Wills, the man, neither Dempsey nor Kearns can bar the negro from a bout for the title. Nor can there be any question of finding some boxing commission with sufficient backbone to stand for equal rights of boxers, regardless of race, color or creed.

There remain then only two other possibilities for shunning a match with Wills—either Dempsey is afraid to meet the negro because of the latter's acknowledged ring generalship and ability to hit, or objection to the purse offered for a contest.

Knowing Dempsey as we do, we have no reason to believe that fear exists in the makeup of this great fighter and believe the only reason for the failure of Kearns to sign for a bout between Dempsey and Wills is the fact that he regards the offer of $150,000 by William A. Brady and the $300,000 offer of Harry Frazee a mere drop in the bucket.

To sneer at an offer of $150,000 for a fifteen-round boxing bout is nothing new in modern pugilism. At least not since the armistice was signed which ended the world war. Money seems to have turned the heads of the leaders in almost every field.

Tommy Burns, who worked his way to the championship after Jeffries' retirement, was a mighty happy fellow when he was offered $30,000 to battle Jack Johnson in Sydney and Tommy should have received four times that amount for the terrific punishment the Galveston negro meted out to him.



Harry Wills—World's Greatest Negro fighter who is conceded by all experts on boxing to be the most logical contender for Jack Dempsey's Crown

Tommy recently wired Kearns an offer of $150,000 to have Dempsey again meet Carpentier, this time in England, but the reply he received was "Not interested." Whereupon Tommy in an interview to the boxing expert of the London *Times* remarked:

"Times have certainly changed. I would have grabbed a third of that to fight the most dangerous man in the world and now that sum is sneered at. When I fought Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in Milwaukee in 1904, Jack was regarded as a champion and I was considered a top notcher, yet Jack received only $500 for his end of the purse and I got one hundred dollars less.

"Think of it! And now they declare $150,000 does not interest them. A fine state of affairs!

"Why, the seventh rater who fights in the second preliminary nowadays obtains as much money as we received for a championship bout. When the great John L. Sullivan, the most popular and most talked of fighter who ever entered a ring fought Jim Corbett, the purse was only $25,000 with a $10,000 side bet, yet Benny Leonard recently took close to $40,000 as his end of the purse for defending his lightweight championship. Times surely have changed."

With the New York State Boxing Board placing a ban on the proposed Dempsey-Brennan fight, Kearns refusing to consider a Dempsey-Wills battle, American sportsmen shuddering at the possibility of another Dempsey-Carpentier bout being staged in this country, there are no heavyweights of ability left for Dempsey to tackle. The only alternative is for Jack while across the Pond to clash with Carpentier or Beckett on English soil.

Kid Socko Sees It Work

(*Continued from page* 18)

out and he is convinced that there ain't no fire, so he comes back.

"Say," he says to me, "do you know what you did, you poor sap? You just did me out of twenty thousand bucks, that's what. Why, they's four thousand people outside trying to buy tickets and the show's over. You should be taken out and shot."

"Well," I says. "I guaranteed you four knockouts and you got them. What more could I do?"

"Nothing more," he splutters, "And you ain't going to do nothing more around here. Come in tomorrow for your check and if you ever show your nose around here after that I'll have you pinched for mopery.

"Twenty grand all shot to pieces," he moans. "I knew there was a catch in it somewhere."

Well, I guess that scheme ain't no good no more, and I'll have to dig up a new one, but I ain't kicking. My motto is: for seven grand you can stand seeing a lot of your boys knocked out.

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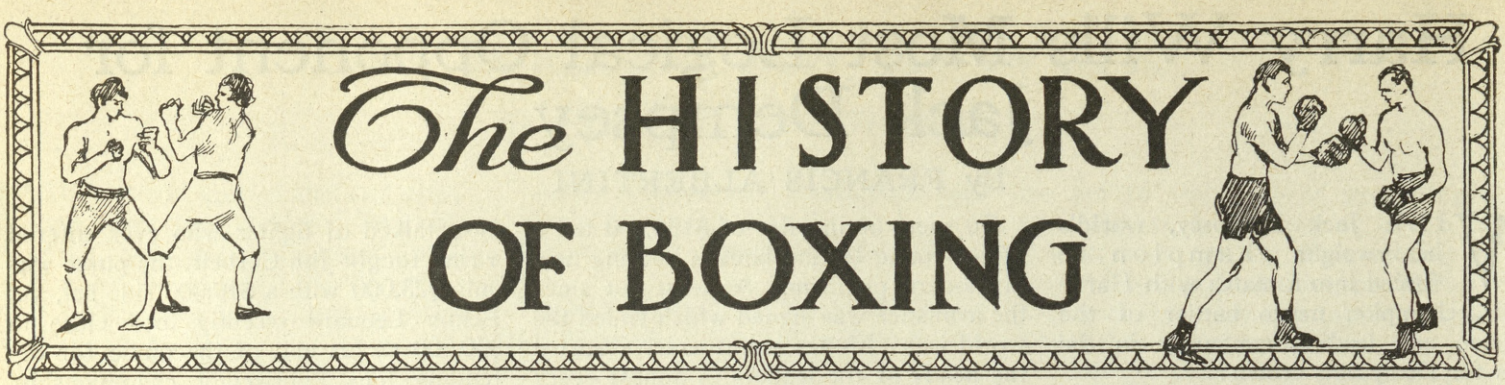

Changes in Rules of Boxing—Five Since Adoption of First Code in 1743

Second of a Series Tracing the Developments of the Sport

By NAT FLEISCHER

THE recent action of the City Council of Cleveland in adopting the official boxing rules of the State of New York, brings to mind the fact that nineteen States in the Union, in which boxing is legalized, have adopted, with only slight modifications, the code originally drawn up by the International Sporting Club and thereby standardized the rules governing the ring game. It has taken a little over 179 years for America to adopt a uniform set of rules, as prior to the formation of the International Sporting Club boxing in this country was governed with slight variation by the code drawn up by James Broughton, Father of Boxing Rules, in England, in 1743.

Jack Broughton—Father of First Set of Boxing Rules

The International S. C. code marks the fifth great change in fistiana's history. With each change the sport has become cleaner and fairer and the rules clearer. The first set of rules, "as agreed upon by several gentlemen at Broughton's Amphitheatre in Tottenham Court Road, August 16, 1743," were observed in all battles until about 1838 when a modification was made. These rules of Broughton permitted bare knuckle fighting, gouging, wrestling, throwing and similar acts now associated only with foul, rough-and-tumble warfare. Under these rules a round ended when one fighter fell, was pushed, thrown or knocked down. Only thirty seconds elapsed between rounds. All championship fights were staged on the turf with stakes driven into the ground to form the ring, and each battle was fought to a finish. The rules, seven in number, follow:

1. *That a square of a yard be chalked in the middle of the stage and on every setto after a fall or being parted from the rails, each second is to bring his man to the side of the square and place him opposite to the other, and till they are fairly setto at the lines, it shall not be lawful for one to strike the other.*

2. *That in order to prevent any disputes, the time a man lies after a fall, if the second does not bring his man to the side of the square within the space of half a minute, he shall be deemed a beaten man.*

3. *That in every main battle, no person whatever shall be upon the stage except the principals and their seconds; the rule to be observed in bye battles, except that in the latter Mr. Broughton is allowed to be upon the stage to keep decorum, and to assist the gentlemen in getting to their places, provided always he does not interfere in the battle, and whoever pretends to infringe these rules to be turned immediately out of the house. Everybody is to quit the stage as soon as the champions are stripped before the setto.*

4. *That no champion be deemed beaten unless he fails to come up to the line in the limited time or that his own second declares him beaten. No second is to be allowed to ask his man's adversary any questions or advise him to give out.*

5. *That in bye battles, the winning man to have two-thirds of the money given, which shall be publicly divided upon the stage, notwithstanding any private agreements to the contrary.*

6. *That to prevent disputes, in every main battle the principals shall on coming on the stage, choose from among the gentlemen present two umpires who shall absolutely decide all disputes that may arise about the battle, and that if the two umpires cannot agree, the said umpires to choose a third, who is to determine it.*

Marquis of Queensberry—Founder of boxing rules which are still in use

7. *That no person is to hit his adversary when he is down, or seize him by the ham, breeches or any part below the waist; a man on his knees to be reckoned down.*

This first crude measure prohibited the

(*Continued on page* 21)

Retired Boxers Try to Forget the Ring

By FRANK FLOURNOY

"A champion or near champion, once retired, seldom cares for the 'feel' of the boxing glove."

THIS statement may draw considerable doubt among the majority of close followers of the ring sport, as it did a few days ago in the Friars' Club of New York City where several actors engaged in an argument that involved the names of Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries and Tom Sharkey, but it remains a fact nevertheless that the above is the rule rather than the exception.

One would opine that an athlete who has gained the pinnacle of fame through his pugilistic prowess would enjoy at least occasionally a little boxing match, but statistics prove that once retired, the majority of former heroes of the ring prefer to forget the gloves. Jim Jeffries, erstwhile world's heavyweight champion but now Coast cattle raiser and evangelist, a few weeks ago, after preaching a sermon at San Diego was asked by a reporter what kind of exercises he indulges in to get himself in his fine physical condition.

"Do you do much boxing?" was one of the questions fired at Jim.

"Never look at the gloves," was the terse reply of the former title holder.

"Not even occasionally?" persisted the reporter.

"Why, I haven't had a pair of gloves on in years and wouldn't know what to do with them if I had a pair on now," smiled Jeffries.

The reporter, who apparently had a good news sense, was quick to see an interesting point in the remark of the former champion, and pressing the conversation, asked Jeffries whether his was the rule or the exception with one-time boxers.

"No, I don't think so," replied Jim. "I believe a retired boxer would rather forget his former profession and let the newcomers don the mitts. I know that right here in this State there are two other former boxers who gained world fame, each of whom is retired, and I venture to say that both would have answered your question the same as I, were they asked."

The men referred to by Jeffries were George Dawson, who imported the kidney punch from Australia and is living in peaceful Pasadena and the other is Jack Root, who is living in Los Angeles.

Root recently passed through New York on his way to the Coast after taking an extended tour of Europe and on that occasion, when interviewed at a hotel, remarked that he was feeling as fine as a fiddle, had not donned a boxing glove since he beat Fred Russell in ten rounds after losing a battle to Marvin Hart for the heavyweight title in Reno in 1905. He cast his mitts into the discard then and has not bought a new pair since, with one exception—during the war.

When Uncle Sam entered the world conflict, Root was one of the first to offer his services. His offer was accepted and Jack was appointed an instructor of boxing and bayonet practice at Arcadia. He weighs now about 195 pounds as compared to the 165 when he fought Hart for the title at Reno. His weight is well distributed and in general appearance Jack looks little like the veteran of about three-quarters of a hundred of battles in which his shadowy cleverness and marked hitting powers made him a favorite in boxing circles.

Notice to Our Readers

If your newsdealer does not handle THE RING, inform us and we will tell you where you can purchase same. Slowly but surely we are placing this magazine in every sporting city of the country.

Changing in Rules of Boxing

(*Continued from page* 20)

old custom of fighting without a rest until one of the contestants dropped from exhaustion or was so badly beaten he was unable to continue.

In 1838 a revision of Broughton's rules barred butting with the head and required fighters to walk unassisted to the mark at the end of each round.

Then came the fourth great change, that which established the Marquis of Queensberry Rules and with them brought a new era in the history of fistiana. The changes mentioned above did considerable for boxing, but they failed to correct entirely the abuses which made boxing an objectionable sport. Professional prize fighting about the period when the Marquis of Queensberry Rules went into effect, had fallen into disrepute. Fixed fights, rowdyism, shootings, stabbings, holdups, undermined the sport and threatened its destruction.

The public was opposed to the sport. Even some of the most dyed-in-the-wool followers of boxing were afraid to attend bouts because of the disgraceful conditions which prevailed. Stringent laws were passed in England prohibiting the sport in public. Similar laws were passed in this country and the majority of battles had to be fought in secret in dance halls or barns under cover of night, with kerosene lamps to brighten the places. Oftimes it even was necessary to travel into distant Canada to fight in rings constructed around huge cakes of ice used as a shield to protect the gladiators from the minions of the law.

Police haunted professional fighters over meadow and heath to prevent bouts from taking place. England's leading fighter, Joe Goss, served a term in prison, and Jem Mace, the champion, fled to America. But that did not kill the game! Bouting did not die!

The amateurs saved it for the present generation.

Young English aristocrats who recognized its value as an exercise sparred with the gloves at both Oxford and Cambridge. To keep alive the sport, after graduation they organized in 1865, under the leadership of John G. Chambers, the Amateur Athletic Club of London. Chambers that year had graduated from Cambridge an honor student and a champion in boxing, swimming and all-around athletics.

Chambers and the Marquis of Queensberry were great friends and the Marquis a great sportsman himself, did much to aid Chambers in fostering boxing and sports in general. In 1866 Chambers announced he would stage a sports carnival in which boxing, wrestling, track and field athletics and archery would be on the programme and as no rules were in force for the boxing matches which were to be staged for "Gentlemen Only," meaning, of course, college students and graduates, Chambers wrote a set after collaborating with the Marquis of Queensberry and these became known as the Marquis of Queensberry Rules. This code was in effect until the fifth and last change took place through the adoption in this country of the International Sporting Club code in 1920.

The Marquis of Queensberry Rules were so named because the Marquis, the eighth in his line, a youth just out of school, presented the cups for the three boxing classes listed. The classes were the heavyweight, over 158 pounds, middleweight, 158 pounds, and lightweight, 140 pounds. It was the donation of these cups which made the Marquis the most talked over man in fistiana. His name always has been and always will be associated with the best there is in boxing.

One-Minute RESTS Between Rounds

By UPPERCUT

Johnny Dundee is making so much money boxing that he hasn't time to do "two a day." He was offered $1,000 a week to perform at an East Side theatre but he refused it with thanks. The bounding Italian has a mighty prop in George Smith, brother of Prohibition Agent Moe, partner of the great Izzy Einstein. George attends to Dundee's every want, helps him arrange matches, and keeps his eyes peeled on the box office. What Smith doesn't know about the inside workings of the boxing game is not worth knowing. Smith also does Dundee's publicity and talks plenty about Johnny's prowess. Dundee never had a better booster or more sincere worker in his behalf than Smith. When Johnny is resting his head on the pillows in his great little home out Orange, N. J., way, Smith is fighting his battles along the Roaring Forties.

One of the finest and most up-to-date gymnasiums in this neck of woods is located at Allenhurst, N. J., where Jimmy Deforest, trainer of Dempsey for his fight with Jess Willard, helps condition future greats and prospective champions. Many star boxers are preparing themselves there for some big matches. Jimmy has a corking hostelry and gym. Jimmy makes a splendid host. He helps the boxers in every way possible.

In the absence of Jack Kearns in London, his man Friday, Dan McKetrick, will run Kearns' stable in America. Included in the Kearns-McKetrick list of boxers are Babe Herman, Soldier Bartfield, Oakland Jimmy Duffy, Frankie Malone and Jimmy Darcy. Kearns and McKetrick have an office at 1465 Broadway and the 'phone number is 1075 Bryant.

Leo Progressive Flynn, former matchmaker of Madison Square Garden, has opened an office in the Gaiety Theatre Building, where he has a little more privacy than he had in the Garden amphitheatre. Arthur Yende, his hard-working secretary, has been retained, as has also Bob Smith, the travelling agent. Leo was heart-broken when he learned of Eddie O'Hare's death, for the former amateur champion was making his mark in the professional ranks as a light heavyweight. Eddie was very popular wherever he showed, but his kid pranks resulted in a fall, which broke his spine and caused Eddie's death.

Leo Flynn has also a corking lightweight in Clonie Tait, a Canadian, who has yet to lose a bout in New York. On top of having some of his stars beaten in recent contests, Leo succumbed to George Barton in the national amateur billiard championship on March 25, at Jack Doyle's emporium on Broadway near 42nd Street. The winner had a high consecutive run of 18, while Flynn's best effort netted him 15. A big gathering watched the billiard match. Leo is a splendid player.

Frank Flournoy is learning fast the art of match making. He was responsible for the last two shows in the Garden, March 17 and 20, which not only replenished the Corporation's bank roll but sent the customers home satisfied they had a great run for their money. Flournoy matched Charlie White with Dundee and about 10,000 fans saw the latter trounce the Chicagoan. Would Midget Smith box Joe Burman? Many thought Flournoy couldn't get them together, but he used some of his gentle, persuasive tactics on Harry Neary, the Midget's manager, and they collided three nights later.

When Johnny Mendelsohn, the Milwaukee lightweight, came to New York in quest of fights Flournoy studied the record he had compiled in the West, got in touch with Leo Flynn and asked the latter's terms for Pete Hartley. Leo never dreamt his man was in for a pasting and he quickly put his name on the dotted line. Mendelsohn stunned Gotham fistic enthusiasts with his all fired brand of battling and they want to see him again. Hartley fought at top speed and hit his hardest to stave inevitable defeat, but Mendelsohn kept on piling points sufficient to earn the decision.

Jimmy Deforest reports that he is getting several matches for his latest boxing prospect, Firpo the South American heavyweight. The veteran trainer, who conditioned Dempsey for the Willard scrap at Toledo, believes he has a near champion in Firpo, and he will not stack him up against the top-notchers until Firpo is good and ready.

THE RING does not recognize betting in fights, but it is a matter of record that only short enders cash in at Madison Square Garden fights. Pete Herman was a 4 to 1 favorite over Buff and he not only broke his followers but slipped the title to the Skeeter. Tom Gibbons went from 8 to 5 to 12 to 5 against Harry Greb and you all know what happened. The Greb boys cleaned up. Because of a decisive victory over Pete Hartley, they made Joe Benjamin choice over Johnny Dundee and again the boys taking the odds replenished their bank rolls. White opened 9 to 5 over Dundee but so much Dundee money showed up that the betting went down to evens and White lost. The only good favorite who has stood up in the amphitheatre was Joe Burman who beat Midget Smith twice.

Fay Keiser, the Cumberland, Md., light heavyweight, hurt his right hand in his recent bout with Jack Reeves so badly that he will not box again for six weeks. He had to call off the scrap with Harry Foley in New Orleans and several other engagements. Fay may never win but he keeps plugging along getting plenty of money for his services and giving the fans a run for their dough.

We were about to close THE RING office one night recently when who should happen to swing through the door but Jack McAuliffe. The nifty Jack had just arrived from Europe and he was chockful of stories. He said, among other things, that he expects Ted (Kid) Lewis to whip Carpentier, and that Beckett is the best heavyweight in England and a great drawing card. He brought along some pictures of Joe and spread them around to the newspaper boys. He wouldn't admit that he was Beckett's press agent but intimated that he was a great friend of his and would like nothing better than to get Dempsey's consent to meet Joe when he arrives in England. Jack said he had a wonderful time in Germany. McAuliffe is an interesting old soul and a wonderful story teller.

They say Johnny Wilson has gone to Bedford, Mass., "to start work." What, as a car conductor?

They are talking about a Dundee-Leonard title bout in the 225th Street Velodrome of New York City for the latter part of this month. Incidentally Dundee takes exception to propaganda spread broadcast that Benny holds him up.

"Let Benny make 135 pounds at 2 o'clock for me as he has for the other fellows," writes Dundee to THE RING, "and I'll show you if the champion holds me up. You must admit that I always gave Benny his hardest fights. Blast for me that stuff that Leonard chains his arms when he boxes me."

Lew Diamond was telling the other day some inside stuff about Johnny Buff. "He is the cleanest living scrapper in the business," he began. "He gets to bed every night around 10 o'clock, arises

Greb May Duplicate Feat of Bob Fitzsimmons

By IKE DORGAN

HARRY GREB has proved the surprise of the season to a great many followers of fistic sport because of his clean-cut victory over Tom Gibbons. To those who have watched his career, though, it was not such a terrific upset. Gibbons had been nursed along and had compiled a long strong of knockouts, but even his own brother Mike, admitted that most of the opponents were more or less second raters.

Greb now stands right in line for a crack at the light heavyweight championship of the world. There was no question of his superiority over the St. Paul mauler and he looks to have a first class chance of annexing the American title if he meets Gene Tunney and add the world's championship to his credit if he ever meets Georges Carpentier.

Greb has shown class that puts him head and shoulders above Johnny Wilson, the middleweight champion. If these two should meet Greb would be an odds-on-favorite.

If Greb is given the chance there is a strong likelihood that he will duplicate the feat that has not been performed since the days of the late Bob Fitzsimmons.

Greb and his manager, George Engel, deserve the acclaim of Pittsburgh's sporting fraternity, for they have certainly done their share to keep the Smoketown on the pugilistic map. Engel long has been dubbed a shrewd manager, but in matching Greb with Gibbons at a time when the entire sporting world looked upon the St. Paul fighter as the greatest white hope, the only white man with a possible chance to whip Dempsey, Engel outguessed the field and proved the old adage, "He who laughs last laughs best."

Greb is not a title holder—at least not yet. But he is one of the outstanding and most popular figures in the boxing world to-day. A splendid fellow, a bright chap who loves his home life, a fine character both in and out of the ring, Greb has won a horde of friends through his gameness, fearlessness and personality.

Greb occupies the same position in the boxing world to-day that did Mike Gibbons and Packey McFarland when in their heyday. Both, like Greb, were great favorites, but not champions.

early and before breakfast takes a run around the block for a couple of miles. After his lunch he goes to the firehouse where they have built him a little gym, and he works out every afternoon whether he has fights scheduled or not. Is it any wonder then that the old boy finds it easy to get into shape and is in wonderful condition when he enters a ring. He is so different from the others. Money has not turned his head, he hobnobs with the same friends and makes many more by his wonderful little personality. I tell you he'll go on forever."

The small clubs are cleaning up now that the Madison Square Garden is closed for six weeks because the circus is showing. The Pioneer, Commonwealth, Star, Clermont, Broadway Sporting, Ridgewood and one or two others are making up for lost time.

Scotty Montieth resigned as matchmaker of the Olympia Club in Philadelphia in time to come back to New York and second Dundee in his recent White bout. Scotty got $500 from his former charge and he wagered it all on him to win. Scottie is interested with Eddie Mead in a large stable, which includes Lynch, Bob Roper, Red Cap Wilson, Jimmy Carroll, Hughey Hutchinson, Jack McFarland, Willie O'Connell, and are located in the Gaiety Theatre Building. Some stable to handle!

Nate Lewis, the popular Western manager, is making his home temporarily in New York. He seldom goes to Chicago. Nate showed Burman recently in the Garden and grabbed a handsome return. Nate was telling us the other day how he lost the slapper Pal Moore. It seems Moore was jealous of Burman because he was getting the better engagements and right then and there Lewis and Moore decided to split. Moore has tied himself with Harry Hockstadter, a Chicago newspaper man, and the new combination is doing very well.

Jimmy Kelly has made more than good as matchmaker of the Rink Sporting Club in Brooklyn. He hasn't staged a losing show since grabbing the reins. Jimmy knows plenty about the game and he doesn't spend as much money getting the stars as some people surmise. In addition to being matchmaker he owns a spaghetti restaurant at 181 Sullivan Street, where all the sporting celebrities dine and wine. Jimmy was a mitt slinger once and was known to be the greatest "catcher" in the pastime. He fought Jimmy Gardner three times among other stars, and says he remembers those battles very well. There's a reason. Eh, James?

Phil Glassman is anxious to get Rocky Kansas in a ring again with his southpaw wonder, Lew Tendler. Phil claims Kansas wants one-third of the Garden to box Tendler, which isn't reasonable. Phil also manages Danny Kramer, Kid Williams and Harry (Kid) Brown.

Another former amateur champion has made good in the pros. He is little Louis Guglielmini, an East side youngster who recently boxed an eight-round draw with George Daly, for the Gas House championship. Guglielmini is managed by Charles Jones, of East 20th Street and is a bright bantam prospect. He can hit, is clever and is learning fast.

Jim Buckley is getting all set for his summer shows at the Palace of Joy, Coney Island. He expects to stage some high class attractions.

Phil Lewis bewails the fact that he can't get good matches for Bartley Madden on top of his draw bout with Fred Fulton. He would like to match the West side heavy with Bill Brennan.

Al Norton, Jack Jones' welterweight, is doing fine work at clubs in the Metropolitan district. Norton has a hefty punch and always gives the fight fans a run for their money. His recent battle in Yonkers, which he won, was a hummer. The fans were on edge from start to finish and voted the contest one of the best seen in the Columbus S. C. this year.

Robert Johnston, the Milwaukee manager, declares that Bob Moha is the developer of a new blow called by him the "Tornado Wallop," the most sensational punch in boxing. Johnston is anxious to have Bob try his blow on some star Eastern boxer and is awaiting word from some promoter eager to stage a contest. Johnston disputes the contention of some critics that Bob is too old by declaring he is a year younger than Tom Gibbons and beat Gibbons less than a year ago.

Archie Walker, former amateur champion lightweight, is rapidly forging to the front. Walker is a clever boxer and a nifty hitter and within another year is sure to make considerable trouble for the best in his class. He acts very much like Leonard in the ring, his coolness and craftiness being his greatest assets.

A few weeks ago Dave Brown and Jimmy Rothwell, who handle a stable of boxers, imported Sid Marks from Canada and installed him in a local gymnasium to train for several fights they had arranged for him. Sid arrived and immediately established himself by knocking out Eddie Walsh, sparring partner of Benny Leonard, in the tenth round. Since then Marks has had several good engagements, but the Canuck is considerably peeved at the announcement of Leo Flynn, that his "champion" Clione Tait and not Sid Marks is the Canadian lightweight champion. Sid declares he will not be satisfied until he flattens Tait and it will not be surprising to see the two engage in a bout either at the Commonwealth Club or Pioneer Club in New York City. No matter which club stages the fight, it is bound to be one worth while witnessing.

Johnny Dundee is elated over the victory he scored over Charley White. Asked how he felt the day following the bout, Johnny remarked:

"Felt? Never better. I knew I'd beat him. I licked him several times before, hence why not again? I coudn't see those 8 to 5 bets without gobbling up a few myself, and I don't mind telling you I cleaned up on that fight many a good dollar. Nobody could convince me White was one and a half times as good as myself. No, I proved that much."

We agree with you, Johnny. You surely did!

Sam Goldman, manager of Pete Herman, is waiting for the outdoor season before sending Pete against the cream of his division. Sam had expected it would be possible to match Pete with Buff or Lynch, but the indoor season is rapidly waning and Sam is trying to clinch a bout for the former champion with the title holder or Lynch for early in June. Chances are the bouts will be staged in the new Velodrome in the upper part of New York City which will be ready on May 30.

Eddie Mead is having a hard time getting any good matches for his former champion, Joe Lynch. Lynch is fighting better now than ever in his career, and will make things hum for Buff or Midget Smith if he gets either into the ring.

Although Frankie Jerome recently lost a battle to Abe Friedman of Boston, this did not discourage him. The Bronx boy, who is being managed by Billy Gibson, is a comer. He is one of the best prospects developed in New York in the last three years. This Bronx boy has come forth in leaps and bounds. He scored 32 consecutive victories before being beaten by Friedman. In 33 contests, he drew only in one and stopped eighteen of his opponents. Jerome is lucky in having the advice of such an expert as Benny Leonard to guide him on the road to victory.

Bud Christiano made a tremendous hit upon his return home to Chicago from New York recently, by knocking out Morris Johnson of Eddie Kane's stable in three rounds at a private boxing club. His visit to New York City where he worked out with New York's best boys did him a world of good. The open air season in the West opens in a short time and Christiano will be seen in several fights. It is reported Johnny Dundee will be his first opponent.

Al Lippe, manager of Jeff Smith, the New Jersey middleweight, is out with a bold defi to Harry Greb. Lippe bases his claim on the showing that Smith made against the Pittsburgh whirlwind in their bouts at New Orleans and Cincinnati. On both occasions Smith received a draw but Lippe asserts Jeff was entitled to the verdicts. Smith is ready to meet Harry Greb, Gene Tunney or any middleweight or light-heavyweight in the world. Smith is one of the veterans of the ring, but no boxer is a bigger favorite with the fight fans. Smith always draws big houses.

Carl Tremaine, the crack Cleveland bantam, continues to sweep everything before him. His latest victim was Jabez White, whom he defeated at Albany a fortnight ago. Jimmy Dunn certainly has a whirlwind battler in Carl. Most of the boys in his class are afraid to meet Tremaine.

Bermondsey Billy Wells, acknowledged to be the best welterweight in Europe, who came to this country seeking a match with Jack Britton, cannot understand why the other claimants for Britton's title will not box him. Wells only weighs 140 pounds but will box anyone up to 147 pounds. Here is a boy with a remarkable record. Wells has had over 150 contests and during his whole career only lost one decision and this in a 20-round contest with Kid Doyle, the best welterweight of Wales. This decision Wells reversed two months later by knocking out Kid Doyle in 17 rounds. Wells has a knockout record of 85%. Manager Charley Harvey wants to hear from Dave Shade, Eddie Shevlin, Mort Schlaifer, Soldier Bartfield, or in fact any top-notcher in the welterweight division and is certain that Bermondsey Billy Wells will defeat the best that can be secured to meet him.

Al Reich, the Adonis of the heavyweights is hot on the trail of Bill Brennan. Reich declares that he has been trying to get Brennan into the ring for many moons but without success. He intimates in a letter to THE RING that Brennan and several others of the heavyweight crop are ducking because of his ability to land the haymaker. Come on, you fellows, show Al he is wrong.

Wildcat Battling Nelson of Brooklyn, is a welterweight with a terrific wallop who is being exploited by Jimmy Rothwell, brother of Young Corbett. Nelson is a fighter who can fight and will fight and has never been put off his feet. Nelson has a fine record as the list of men whom he has fought will show. Included in this list are the names of Johnny Wilson, middleweight champion, Mike Gibbons, Mike O'Dowd, Mickey Walker, Tommy Robson, K. O. Loughlin, Al Norton, Joe Chip, Soldier Bartfield, Frank Carbone, and Jack Perry.

Nelson has fought and beaten Marty Cross, Panama Joe Gans, Young Fisher, Walter Mohr, Ralph Schrappert, Frankie McGuire, Fred Dwyer, Frankie Notter, Bud Spratley, Young Sam Langford and Paddy Flynn.

Nelson's best fight was with Johnny Wilson, just before Johnny won his title, and in that bout Nelson, according to the ring experts, won by a fair margin.

Augie Ratner, the 160-pound New Yorker who is under the guidance of Doc Bagley, one of the ablest managers and best handlers of fighters in America, is conceded to be one of the heaviest hitters in the middleweight ranks. Although not the equal of Dave Rosenberg who beat him recently in Madison Square Garden, Augie has often demonstrated that he is a top-notcher and one of the

contenders for Johnny Wilson's crown. It will be remembered that Ratner and Wilson fought a tough 12-round battle in Chelsea just before Johnny won the middleweight crown and the referee awarded the decision to Wilson. A few weeks ago Ratner put the tough Jack Delaney out in one round. In less than five years Augie has advanced to one of the best men in his class, all due to the splendid and careful handling of Doc Bagley.

Gene Delmont, Al Lippe's crack lightweight, the first American boxer to enter the world war and to get overseas, is one of the most likeable fellows in the game. Gene not only can fight, but is a sportsman of the highest degree and represents the type of boxer who deserves the highest praise. And as many matches as can be thrown his way.

Why? Well, here is the reason: Gene, who originally lived in Memphis, but for the past decade has made New York City his home, retired from the ring a few years ago and went on the stage. He was getting along very well when his wife took ill, developed a touch of consumption and had to be sent to Saranac Lake for treatment. Doctor bills went high and Gene soon found himself in a position where he had to reenter the ring in order to earn enough to meet all ends. He wanted to earn money in a lump and the boxing game was the only one that offered the opportunity to get it. Gene is again meeting with success and a few days ago remarked:

"I like the game but would probably retire if I could. I'm fighting now only for my wife, God bless her. She's a game little girl and everytime I get into the ring I think of what my earnings may bring her. She'll recover her health, but it will take time."

In speaking of Johnny Brown, the British bantam, Charles Harvey recently remarked:

"I cannot understand why Midget Smith refused to accept a good guarantee to box this British bantam recently in Philadelphia and instead accept a match with Mickey Delmont, a lad who was decisively beaten by Brown previously. Brown has boxed Joe Burman, who a fortnight ago gained the decision over Midget Smith in Madison Square Garden; Charley Beecher, conceded to be America's leading contender for Johnny Kilbane's title, Patsy Wallace and others, hence I see no reason why the top notchers refuse to meet him. Can it be that Midget Smith, Jack Sharkey, Johnny Buff and others are afraid of this classy little Englishman?"

The Rink A. C. of Brooklyn has one of the most commodious arenas in Eastern boxing clubs. The club has a fine patronage and always keeps its fans from becoming dissatisfied by offering nothing but high-class bouts on all occasions. Jimmy Kelly, the demon matchmaker, has been giving Brooklyn fans the highest class bouts seen in that section of New York in many years.

Johnny Dundee's recent declaration that he had posted a check for $10,000 with the management of Madison Square Garden as a guarantee of his sincerity in challenging Johnny Kilbane, and that if Kilbane didn't accept his defi within six months he would lay claim to Johnny's title, has elicited a rise from Frank Casale, manager of Benny Valger. "Dundee is the junior lightweight champion," says Casale. "Why doesn't he defend his own title instead of chasing after bouts with Kilbane, the featherweight king, and Benny Leonard, the lightweight monarch? Benny Valger is deserving of a chance at Dundee's title, and if Dundee is a real champion he will give Valger the opportunity for which Benny is seeking."

Hughey Hutchison, the Fighting Scotchman, is anxious to box either Babe Herman or Billy De Foe. Hughey has fourteen decisions to his credit. "The Scot is going like a house afire," says Scotty Montieth.

Red Cap Wilson has gained quite a following up in Canada. The Canadian papers declare his style of fighting is enjoyed and wants to see more of him. He has been matched for several fights across the border.

Jeff Smith is one of the most disappointed fighters in the country. Jeff was all set to meet Carpentier in France on May 8th, but George was forced to call off the bout because of illness. Smith, who was beaten by Carpentier in 1913, was full of confidence. He felt sure he could beat the French Idol, but luck was not with him and the match fell through.

George Dwyer, the Bridgeport promoter, has his eyes on a match between Jack Delaney and Augie Ratner. He has already sounded out Ratner's manager regarding terms. Ratner recently applied the K. O. option on Delaney by scoring a sensational knockout in the first round.

Willard Stuart, of Columbus, manager of Eddie O'Dowd, crack western bantam, is on the warpath. He declares that so good is Eddie that the leading men of the bantam division refuse to have any of his punches. Stuart has hurled a defi at Johnny Buff, Joe Lynch, Jack Sharkey, Pete Herman, Pal Moore, Carl Tremaine, Jack Wolfe, all of whom Stuart declares are running to cover.

St. Paul has turned out some great boxers in the past and they are still keeping up their records. The Gibbons boys have set the pace and others are following in their path. Johnny Ertle was a great little bantam developed in St. Paul. Another good little bantam has just been heard from —Stewart McLean—who gives promise of developing into a top-notcher. His first test in a large club away from home was in Milwaukee when he faced Sammy Marino of Philapelphia in a ten round wind-up. Marino is clever and knows the game from A to Z, but he found McLean a bit too much for him and lost the bout.

Blockie Richard, the aggressive Dayton, O., featherweight, is coming East in an effort to meet the best boys in his division. Charley Long is his manager. Blockie has knocked out Freddie Jacks in one round; Willie Kohler in two rounds, and Eddie Ketchell in four rounds.

Pennsylvania claims to have the next middleweight champion. The new sensation is Lew Schupp, a boy of twenty-two years, three of which have been spent in the ring. Schupp has engaged in 68 fights in his career and has won 46 of these by the knockout route. Schupp, who never weighs more than 158 pounds, has boxed some of the leading light-heavyweights and heavyweights in the country. One of Schupp's notable performances was a victory over Tommy Loughran, the Philadelphia middleweight, who defeated Bryan Downey and Mike McTigue.

Bob Moha is endeavoring to get a match with Gene Tunney, but so far no club has come forward with a bid for the same. Bob has also been after Bryan Downey, the Ohio middleweight, and has offered to make 160 pounds for him.

Harry Krohn, the Akron Thunderbolt, who recently returned to the Ohio city after a successful trip in New York, where he defeated Mike McTigue, Jack Stone and Jack McClelland, is out with a defi to Johnny Wilson. Krohn has beaten some of the best middleweights in the country. Included among these are Jack Reeves, Young Fitzsimmons, Chuck Wiggins, Silent Martin, Paul Sampson and many others.

Terry Martin, the New England bantam champion, is considered by some of the boxing fans in Boston as the next bantamweight title holder. Martin is a tough little fellow. He has defeated some of the best bantams in New England and New York.

Pittsburgh Notes

By RICHARD GUY

Sporting Editor, Pittsburgh Leader

The boxing game in Pittsburgh, just now, is at a standstill. All winter Pittsburgh has been running along with but one club, the Motor Square, and at the present time the building is being used for food shows, auto shows, etc. But Matchmaker John Bell hopes to resume very shortly.

The Keystone Club, which Jim Routley presides over, has been idle all winter. The reason—shows in past years have been held in the Exposition Building, owned by the city, and this winter the heating facilities have been poor. Routley would not take a chance on a cold hall.

The town is all het up over the work of Harry Greb. When he returned to the city with his popular manager, George Engel, fully 10,000 persons met him at the depot and there was an auto parade to the City Hall. Speeches were made and Harry and Engel were feted. All week Greb appeared in a local theatre. He now is on the road.

George Engel is a native of Pittsburgh, and the celebrations here for Greb was started by Engel's old pals.

Jimmy Conrad, who used to manage Jack Perry, the welterweight, plans to start a campaign for Patsy Scanlon, the 120-pounder. Scanlon has been identified with a business concern here which netted him much coin, and he took a lay-off from the ring, but he intends to come back.

An effort will be made to match Jack Britton with Jack Perry some time this summer in Forbes Field. Perry fought in Pittsburgh but once this winter and then he whipped Ray Pryel. He is now managed by Hugh Shannon, in Buffalo, but Jim Routely believes Britton and Perry would draw a bumper crowd in the open air. Perry believes he can take Britton; he once came within one second of doing it, for he had him on the floor for the count of nine in Toledo.

Pittsburghers have a little Italian bantam named Mike Moran who is going to be a top liner some day. His manager, Fred Boucher, has him fighting all around the Alleghany section, and he goes well.

Remember Eddie Kennedy, old time welterweight, back in the days of Matty Mathews, Tim Kearns and that crew? Eddie now is a fashion plate and he referees all the big bouts hereabouts. He is a champion in his line.

Johnny Ward, the McKeesport welterweight, is becoming ambitious. He wants to tackle Jack Britton and Jack Perry in the Tube City. Ward is a likely youngster who keeps coming; and he can take 'em.

Whitey Wenzel, light heavyweight, is training for future bouts. He took a recess after losing to Gene Tunney in Philly, but that reverse has not lessened his spirit.

It was about 15 years ago that George Engel, now manager of Harry Greb, a master mechanic and foreman in the Westinghouse shops in East Pittsburgh, took sick. He always was sturdy, and still is, for he was a boxer in his younger days, and he decided a vacation would do him good.

Accordingly, he took Frank Klaus, then a young, sturdy middleweight, and Frankie Madole, a fast-stepping featherweight east with him. They went to Philadelphia first. Engel made friends quickly, and still has them.

When Klaus and Engel parted the former had just lost his title as middleweight champion of the world. Engel had taken him to Paris, where he won the crown from Billy Papke and Georges Carpentier, and George Chip took it from him in Old City Hall. That night Klaus drew down less than $500, for Engel once told Jimmy Dime he would let Klaus box Chip to give him a chance at a "gate" here.

Tom Bodkin, who made the match and refereed the bout is the man who arranged for the theatrical tour of Greb and Engel.

Engel always strings along with his pals and old-time friends.

Philadelphia Notes

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN
The North American

Everybody in Philadelphia is singing the praises of Bobby Barrett, the Clifton Heights, Pa., slugger who knocked out Hyman Gold at the Olympic A. A. recently. Barrett, who is comparatively new in the lightweight ranks, did more to the Californian in three rounds than Lew Tendler, the southpaw socker, was able to do, for the former knocked Gold cold. There is now talk of Barrett and Tendler getting together at some future date. Barrett is managed by Jimmy Dougherty, the "Baron of Leiperville." Barrett is only 20 years old.

Jack Palmer, the welterweight, who is handled by Pete Moran, of Philadelphia, has been matched for a big open air show at Hazleton, May 31, with Pete Latzo, the coal region veteran.

Sergeant Ray Smith, the Camden heavyweight, who has fought all the best of the "heavies," excluding Jack Dempsey, is working hard every day in Philadelphia and boxing more regularly since he has been taken in hand by Herman Hindin. Only recently he scored a knockout in his home town which made him happier than any previous battle that he had ever taken part in.

Tommy Loughran, the sensational Philadelphia middleweight, continues to pile up victories. In his last three times out he beat Bryan Downey, Mike McTigue and Jackie Clarke. Loughran is a product of South Philadelphia and bids fair to go far in his class.

The Ice Palace management plans to run boxing shows most of the summer. Crowds have been coming better than ever lately, the 7,000 and 8,000 attendance figures being common. Joe Griffo is doing the matchmaking for promoter George W. Pawling.

Willie Green, the Kensington junior lightweight, who got his boxing start while serving in the Navy at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, is making more friends with every bout in his home town. Bouts at the Olympic, Ice Palace, National and Cambria have put Green in good shape.

Young Jack O'Brien, brother of Jack O'Brien, Philadelphia's once famous light heavyweight, is attempting a comeback. Young Jack has been training at Dougherty's gymnasium at Leiperville and celebrated his return to the ring by beating his old foe, Willie Moore.

Efforts are being made by at least two of Philadelphia's leading matchmakers to bring together Harry Greb, recent conqueror of Tom Gibbons, and Tommy Loughran, the Quaker City middleweight star.

Joe Jackson, the South Philadelphia welterweight, has placed himself under the management of Max Hoff, who has signed him for several bouts, including one with K. O. Loughlin of Bethlehem.

Former bantamweight champion Kid Williams is still in Phil Glassman's stable but is not fighting much. The Kid is working out regularly in the gymnasium here and it's hard to convince him that he is not every bit as good as when he held the title.

Jack Johnson, at the wheel of his high powered LaFayette car, blew into Philadelphia the other night and said he was on the trail of Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager. Although Kearns was not in South Philadelphia on the particular night that Johnson arrived, the latter showed a party of friends that his car could do 80 miles an hour over the League Island Boulevard. Johnson made some sort of crack about Dempsey failing to stay eight rounds with him.

Joe Nelson was all set to go to the post with Carl Tremaine, the Cleveland veteran, but the latter wired that he had injured his leg in training, and the bout has been postponed.

Al Vana, Germantown bantamweight, who has been fighting in and around New York, expects to return to Philadelphia soon.

A Chicago fighter, Bernie Berris, who recently invaded Philadelphia, has made a big hit. He is a 126 pounder and is ambitious to meet all the featherweights or junior lightweights.

Three matchmakers have appeared at the Olympic since the start of the season, Herman (Muggsy) Taylor, Scotty Montieth of New York and Jack Hanlon. The latter returns after an absence of several years.

Buffalo Boxing Notes

By HUGH SHANNON

Buffalo is proving itself one of the best boxing centers in America for a city that has two boxing clubs operating each week. Charlie Murray's Queensberry A. C., which has been in existence for a period of ten years or more, staged the Dave Shade-Frankie Schoell 15-round match at the Broadway Auditorium recently and the gross receipts amounted to $8,800. A few days previous to this the Velodrome A. C. conducted an all star card of three 10-round bouts featuring Rocky Kansas and Gene Delmont. The Velodrome show drew something like $6,700 at $1, $2 and $3.

While Milwaukee and Omaha, cities not so large in population as Buffalo, sometimes draw more money to a show, it must be remembered that Buffalo fans see more shows in a month than these places do in six months.

The sensational victory of Frankie Schoell over Dave Shade has placed another of Buffalo's famous welterweights in the pugilistic limelight. Jack Perry, former Pittsburgh welter, is now making Buffalo his home, and although Jack is an adopted son, he is well liked here. Perry is a corking good fighter, a stiff puncher and a strong young man. He is also a gentleman and a credit to the game.

Perry boxed Shade here on Christmas afternoon and Shade was given the verdict although Perry clearly outfought his man and the fans are not over the raw decision yet. Perry tried in vain to get Shade to box him 15 rounds again. Shade's price has gone up but the boys will meet sooner or later and Perry says he'll leave no doubt as to the winner next time.

Rocky Kansas won easily enough over Gene Delmont in their 10-round battle at the Velodrome club recently. While Kansas earned the decision he did not hurt Delmont, who was as strong as Kansas at the finish. Little Gene has a way of covering up that baffled Rocky, and at no time was Delmont in any danger of being stopped.

Terry McHugh, Al Lippe's clever bantam, defeated Young Edwards, an Englishman, here, a few weeks ago in a bout replete with action. McHugh recently won over George Spencer and Danny Brown, in previous matches here and has a big following in Buffalo. Terry looks and acts like an embryo champion. He is a clever boxer, a hard hitter and shows all the ear marks of a champion.

Charlie Murray has offered a guarantee of $30,000 to Jack Dempsey to box Harry Wills in Buffalo. Murray has promoted some big events in this city and if he were in New York he might give some of these highly advertised promoters a merry chase of it. Murray is a live wire and knows the boxing game from A to Z. He has successfully handled the affairs of the Queensberry club for over ten years. It is the oldest professional boxing club in the state of New York and ranks with the best. For a square deal the Queensberry always stands ace high.

Herman Smith, the Buffalo knockout artist, is having a hard time getting 130 pounders to box him. Smith gave Danny Frush such a licking in three rounds here that Frush was practically knocked out when he struck several low blows, losing on a foul. The Buffalo newspapers were unanimous in declaring that Smith would have knocked Frush for a goal in another round. Smith has also knocked out Freddy Reese and beaten Frankie Fleming of Canada.

Fighting Dick Loadman, who has been laid up with a split lip, is all right again and ready for ring work. Little Dick has boxed all the world's best bantamweights and featherweights and is always a good card. Loadman will box Patsy Scanlon in Pittsburgh, April 7.

The Knockout Brennan-Johnny Paske bout, often postponed, will come off at the Velodrome A. C. some time this month. The match should draw big.

Eddie Wimler, Pittsburgh bantam, is after all the good ones in the 118 pound division. Wimler has a newspaper win over Joe Lynch; a draw with Andy Chaney and he gave Danny Kramer the hardest battle of the latter's career.

Scraps from New Orleans

By FRANK DIGBY
New Orleans Item

Happy Littleton, Southern middleweight champion, has had a meteoric rise. He has clashed with the toughest fighters in the business and has held his own. The only setback he received was when he lost to Bryan Downey, and this is attributed to weight making conditions, which are to be eliminated in all future contests here.

Littleton ultimately set out to win the middleweight title and fought all of his fights last year at weights ranging between 160 and 164 pounds. He gave away weight to Harry Greb, made weight for Mike Gibbons and took the Downey fight immediately after the two arduous contests with Greb and Gibbons.

This weight making so visibly affected him that it was apparent from the first round in the Downey fight that he could only win by a lucky knockout punch. He seemed to lose all his boxing ability and judgment of distance. He battled as though in a trance and upon completion of the fight, his manager, Willie Sehrt, announced that in future Littleton would fight at his natural weight of 164 pounds unless he was asked to meet Johnny Wilson in a title match.

During 1921, Littleton fought all his battles in New Orleans with the exception of one—meeting Johnny Howard in New York and winning the decision. In thirteen local fights, he scored eight knockouts over such men as Battling Ortega, Young Denny, Jack Bloomfield, Joe Chip and several others. He earned more than any fighter hereabouts during the year, drawing down some $45,000 for his thirteen fights. When he fought Mike Gibbons here the gate receipts were $22,000, and when he met Greb the "gate" went $18,000.

Joe Cook, a local preliminary boy, has advanced so rapidly of late that the newspapers are commenting on his future possibilities. He is a student of Littleton and should be heard from in the near future.

Red Walsh, who developed and piloted Pete Herman to the bantam championship, now has a promising lightweight in his stable here—by name, Young Galiano. He defeated every man he faced last year, including Pete Moore, Harry Kabakoff and Johnny Sheppard, all visiting fighters. Walsh also has Tom Roper, brother of Bob Roper. He is a heavyweight and packs a real hefty wallop. He is said to be more promising than Bob was when he started out.

Johnny Abrams, well known local promoter, has been staging all star shows here weekly and giving many of the lesser lights work. A number of out of town fighters are in town and find these fights lucrative.

Boxing is now thriving in Texas, Arkansas, Alabama and upstate in Louisiana. Fighters hereabouts are "making" the circuit and managing to keep real busy. There is plenty of money in this section for real good Northern boxers.

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Results of Bouts

MARCH

6—Marietta, Ohio:
Bob Martin knocked out Sailor Thompson, 3 rds.
Dave Moran and George Farr, draw, 8 rds.

6—Lynn, Mass. (Casino A.C.):
Paul Doyle defeated Dennis O'Keefe, 10 rds.

6—New Orleans:
Harry Foley beat Chuck Wiggins, 20 rds.

6—York, Pa. (Orpheum Club):
Wildcat Battling Nelson beat Mike Credell, 10 rds.

6—Atlantic City (N'side Club):
Bobby Burman beat Joe Nelson, 8 rds.

6—Pittsfield, Mass. (Pittsfield A. C.):
Joe Gibbs won on a foul over Young Nelson, 8 rds.

6—Boston (Carlyle A. C.):
Danny Edwards beat Abe Friedman, 10 rds.
Willie Harman beat Al Sears, 8 rds.

6—Detroit:
Billy Ehmke beat Mike Hirsch, 10 rds.
Frankie Engle beat Frankie Eber, 10 rds.
Paul Mathea beat Fred Lux, 10 rds.

6—New Bedford, Mass.:
K. O. Elkins knocked out Bobby Josephs, 2 rds.

6—Buffalo:
Sailor Butler and K. O. Mueller, draw, 6 rds.
Bartley Madden knocked out Mike Conroy, 8 rds.
Pete McCluskey beat Frankie Nelson, 6 rds.

6—Troy (Collar City A. C.):
Young Laurette knocked out Willie Sherman, 4 rds.

6—Salt Lake City:
Benny Garcia beat Pat Gilbert, 6 rds.

6—Phoenix, Ark.:
Georgia Adams beat Dick Cody, 10 rds.

6—Memphis, Tenn.:
Pal Moore beat Franklin Jumm, 8 rds.

7—N. Y. (Pioneer A. C.):
Midget Smith beat Frankie Daley, 12 rds.
Jack Bernstein beat Johnny Darcy, 12 rds.
Johnny King beat Fred Block, 8 rds.
Willie Ryan and Larry Goldberg, draw, 8 rds.

7—Phila. (Ice Palace):
Johnny Mealy beat Bobby Barrett, 8 rds.
Hymie Gold knocked out Johnny Donnelly, 4 rds.
Carl Tremaine beat Joe O'Donnell, 8 rds.
Frankie Rice beat Whitey Fitzgerald, 8 rds.
Kid Wagner beat Lieutenant Earl Baird, 8 rds.

7—St. Louis:
Anthony Downey beat "Banker" Kerr, 10 rds.

7—Williamson, W. Va.:
Bob Martin knocked out Rickie Stellard, 2 rds.

7—Atlanta, Ga.
Young Stribling and Larry Avera, draw, 10 rds.

8—Trenton (Arena A. C.):
Joe Tiplitz beat Joe Reno, 8 rds.
Ray Mitchell knocked out Jimmie Manze, 5 rds.
Harry Goodman beat Young Murphy, 6 rds.
Joey Curran beat Nick Michaels, 6 rds.

8—Baltimore (Gayety Thea.):
Tim Noland won on foul over Harry Glenn, 4 rds.

8—Detroit:
Billy Ehmke beat Mike Hirsch, 10 rds.
Frankie Engle knocked out Young Denny, 2 rds.

9—N. Y. (102d Med. Reg. A'ry):
Eddie Kane knocked out Tommy Hillard, 6 rds.
Frankie Maher knocked out Artie Lewis, 4 rds.
Frankie Litt beat Willie Burke, 4 rds.
Young Eckert beat Joe King, 4 rds.
Young Tully beat Tommy Ray, 4 rds.
Battling Shuch and Andy Roscle, draw, 4 rds.

9—Yonkers (Col. Sport. Club):
Marty Summers beat Jimmy O'Gatty, 12 rds.
Frankie Fitzpatrick knocked out Willie Robert, 5 rds.
Paul Fargo knocked out Johnny Duffy, 4 rds.
Johnny Firzpatrick beat Jackie Whalen, 4 rds.
Buddy Wallace beat Georgie Bender, 4 rds.

9—Jersey City (Arena A. A.):
Mickey McCabe and Joe Hennessy, draw, 4 rds.
Jimmy Carroll beat Charlie Murray, 12 rds.
Freddie Ott beat Young Delphino, 4 rds.
Pete Scanaro and Willie Ferguson, draw, 4 rds.
Pete Coleman beat Johnny Gunard, 4 rds.
Buddy Brown beat Scotty Melcomb, 6 rds.

9—Peoria, Ill.:
Tom Gibbons beat Tommy Murphy, 10 rds.

9—Sydney, Australia:
Sid Godfrey and Bert Spargo, draw, 20 rds.
Silvino Jamito beat Frankie Munroe, 20 rds.

9—Allentown (Midway Arena):
Jack Stone beat Jackie Clark, 10 rds.
"Plowboy" Harris knocked out Otto Hughes, 6 rds.

9—Tacoma, Wash.:
Eddie Roberts beat Eddie Huse, 4 rds.
Joe Egan and Gordon McKay, draw, 6 rds.

9—Oshkosh, Wis.:
Bug Gorman beat Eddie McGoorty, 10 rds.

9—Lowell, Mass.:
Billie Woods beat Johnny Avila, 10 rds.

9—Scranton (Town Hall A. C.):
Jack Palmer beat Johnny Herman, 10 rds.
Sammy Berne beat Johnny Rose, 8 rds.

9—Passaic (Hamilton A. C.):
Dick Conlon beat Frankie Mack, 10 rds.
Teddy Smacka beat Willie Gilligan, 10 rds.
Jimmy Protto beat Steve Conlen, 10 rds.
Silent Ford beat Battling Odin, 4 rds.
Joe Byers knocked out Mickey Tabano, 4 rds.
Paul Cavalier beat Jack Eggar, 4 rds.
Young Price knocked out Jimmy Duffy, 4 rds.

9—Phila. (Cambria A. C.):
Tommy Devlin beat Johnny Hauber, 8 rds.
Vincent Lopez beat Willie Ferguson, 6 rds.
Joe Martin beat George Starke, 6 rds.
Joe Gieger knocked out Joe Angatis, 3 rds.
Frankie Romanelli and Jimmy Hanlon, draw, 6 rds.

9—Oakland, Cal.:
Joe Coffer beat Teddy O'Hara, 4 rds.
Pat Boyle beat Al Delmar, 4 rds.
Benny Vierra beat Joe White, 4 rds.
Sailor Walters and Pete Francis, draw, 4 rds.
Jimmy Kelsey and Bud Manning, draw, 4 rds.
Dick Wallace beat Frankie Murphy, 4 rds.
Johnny Cartee knocked out Julius Caesar, 1 rd.

9—Omaha:
Dave Shade beat Morrie Schlaifer, 10 rds.
Earl Puryear beat Earl McArthur, 10 rds.

10—Jersey City (4th Reg. A.):
Midget Smith and Ray Moore, draw, 10 rds.
Johnny Drummie beat Bobby Michaels, 10 rds.
Lew MacFarlane beat Teddy Joyce, 6 rds.

10—N. Y. (15th Reg. Armory):
Joe Boykin knocked out Soldier Jones, 2 rds.
Ray Bennett beat "Rough House" Ware, 10 rds.

10—Roanoke (Amer. Legion):
Captain Bob Roper knocked out Sam Jordan, 1 rd.

10—Buffalo (Velodrome A. C.):
Rocky Kansas beat Gene Delmont, 10 rds.
Terry McHugh beat Artie Edwards, 10 rds.

10—Syracuse (Arena A. C.):
Sailor Packie knocked out Rubie Cohen, 8 rds.
Red Mack knocked out Mike Rogers, 3 rds.

10—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Marty Farrell beat Frankie Denny, 4 rds.

10—Reading, Pa.:
Jeanne Lamar knocked out Johnny Watson, 3 rds.

10—Williamsport, Pa.:
Frankie Maguire beat Jack McCarren, 10 rds.

10—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Stewart McLean beat Sammy Marino, 10 rds.

11—B'klyn (Rink Sport. Club):
Lew Tendler knocked out Johnny Sheppard, 3 rds.
Italian Joe Gans knocked out Mike Carrier, 4 rds.
Sailor Joe Yoster and Danny Curl, draw, 6 rds.
Danny Linn beat Frankie Curkey, 6 rds.

11—N. Y. (Co. Sporting Club):
Mike McTigue and Lou Bogash, draw, 12 rds.
Tommy Stapleton knocked out Red Allen, 4 rds.
Willie Darcy beat Jim Bones, 4 rds.

11—N. Y. (9th Coast Def. A.):
Johnny (Kid) Holmes beat Harvey Kelly, 12 rds.
Young Diamond beat John Grady, 12 rds.

11—B'klyn (47th Reg. Armory):
Sammy Kirsh beat Young Littman, 12 rds.
Kid Jackson knocked out Johnny Cox, 1 rd.
Eddie Mason knocked out Jimmy Flannigan, 5 rds.

11—B'klyn (Rid'wood G. S. C.):
Ray West knocked out Willie Thompson, 10 rds.
Bert Schneider beat Jack Elliott, 10 rds.

11—Jersey City (N. Hud. A.):
Larry Regan beat Butch Wallace, 12 rds.

11—Phila. (National A. A.):
Joe Jackson beat Joe Welsh, 8 rds.
Sailor Friedman knocked out Frankie Callahan, 7 rds.
Kid Wolf beat Charley Ray, 6 rds.

13—N. Y. (Mad. Sq. Gard.):
Harry Greb beat Tom Gibbons, 15 rds.
Clonie Tait beat George Engle, 8 rds.
Abe Goldstein beat Georgie Marks, 8 rds.

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Kid Kaplan beat Al Wagner, 8 rds.

13—Phila. (Olympia A. A.):
Lew Tendler beat Alex Hart, 8 rds.
Battling Mack beat Patsy Wallace, 8 rds.
Ray O'Malley beat Ping Bodie, 6 rds.
Buddy Fitzgerald beat Young Sherlock, 6 rds.
Jimmy Hutchinson and Bobby Wilson, draw, 6 rds.

13—Buffalo (Velodrome A. C.):
Frankie Schoell beat Dave Shade, 15 rds.
Harry Raskin beat Dan Malarkey, 6 rds.

13—Indianapolis:
Bryan Downey beat Frank Carbone, 10 rds.

13—New Orleans:
Johnny Lisse, beat Joe Marks, 12 rds.
Basil Galiano beat Billy Douglas, 15 rds.

13—Shreveport, La.:
Glen Clickner won on foul from Chuck Wiggins, 8 rds.

13—Lancaster, Pa.:
Leo Houck beat Sergeant Ray Smith, 8 rds.
Jackey Parks beat Young Sharkey, 6 rds.
Billy Watts beat Jack Parks, 6 rds.
Sammy Kantz beat Kid Stone, 4 rds.
Young Sipie beat Young Herman, 4 rds.

13—Harrisburg, Pa. (Olympic A. C.):
Joe McCabe beat Ivory Eshelman, 8 rds.

13—Boston (Carlyle A. C.):
Eddie Mahoney beat Sammy Terrin, 7 rds. Terrin disqualified for holding.

13—Troy (Collar City A. C.):
K. O. Loughlin and Ralph Shappert, draw, 12 rds.
Johnny Leonard knocked out George Lefoy, 3 rds.

13—Lynn, Mass. (Casino A. C.):
Benny Valger beat Jimmy Fruzetti, 10 rds.

13—Port Richmond, S. I. (Brighton Boxing Club):
Larry Goldberg beat Joe Leon, 12 rds.
Charlie Small beat Mickey Casro, 8 rds.

13—Atlantic City, N. J. (Northside Club):
Frank Britton and Jack Tasco, draw, 8 rds.
Terry Martin beat Steve Morris, 8 rds.
Artie McCann beat Billy Smith, 6 rds.
Frankie O'Brien knocked out Spike Boyer, 4 rds.
Tommy Wilson beat Martin Burns, 4 rds.

13—McKeesport, Pa.:
Ray Pryel beat Johnny Ward, 10 rds.

13—Detroit:
Bob Sage knocked out Pat Walsh, 2 rds.
Johnny Tanner beat Staley Wills, 10 rds.

13—Salt Lake City:
Honey Mellody beat Frankie Smithers, 6 rds.

13—Phoenix. Ariz.:
Ad Rubidoux knocked out Georgie Adams, 3 rds.

13—Zanesville, Ohio:
Harry Krohn and Soldier Buck, draw, 12 rds.

13—New Bedford, Mass.:
Abe Friedman beat Charley Koehler, 10 rds.

14—New York: (Pioneer Sporting Club):
Frankie Genaro beat Jack Sayles, 12 rds.
Danny Lee knocked out Andy Davis, 5 rds.
Tony Lyons beat Young Pierce, 10 rds.
Marcot Radunet beat Dublin O'Dowd, 10 rds.

14—Newark (Broad A. C.):
Georgie Ward beat Phil Krug, 12 rds.

14—Providence:
Joe Lynch beat Terry Martin, 12 rds.
Billy Harmon knocked out Jimmy Kirke, 8 rds.

14—Grand Rapids:
Mike Gibbons beat Leo Stokes, 10 rds.

14—Columbus, Ohio:
Eddie O'Dowd beat Wee Willie Spencer, 12 rds.

14—Baltimore (Amer. Legion):
Johnny Dundee beat Freddie Jacks, 12 rds.

14—Worster, Mass.:
Kid Lee beat Young Gradwell, 10 rds.

14—Philadelphia (Ice Palace):
Fred Fulton knocked out Jim Holland, 6 rds.
Jack Palmer beat Mickey Walker, on a foul, 5 rds.
Phil Kaplan beat Jimmy Sullivan, 8 rds.
Young Jack O'Brien beat Willie Moore, 6 rds.
Tommy Murray beat Ritchie King, 6 rds.

14—Toledo (Toledo A. C.):
Johnny Andrews beat Phil O'Dowd, 12 rds.
Jack Hayes beat Joe White, 10 rds.
Chuck Byers beat Eddie Mack, 8 rds.
Kayo Morgan knocked out Johnny Baker, 2 rds.
Billy Stone beat Herbert Fisher, 4 rds.

15—St. Louis:
Carl Tremaine beat Jabez White, 10 rds.

15—Boston:
Young Montreal beat Danny Edwards, 12 rds.
Jimmy Amato beat Mickey Forkins, 10 rds.
Pete Hayes beat Mack Murphy, 8 rds.

15—Wash. Ct. House, O.:
Tut Jackson knocked out Eddie Civil, 3 rds.

15—Wilkes Barre, Pa.:
Dave Shade beat Johnny Riley, 10 rds.
Wally Hinkle beat Billy Logan, 10 rds.
Joe Hardy knocked out Sammy Berne, 3 rds.

15—Phila. (National A. A.):
Sailor Darden beat Sandy Taylor, 8 rds.
Johnny Howard knocked out Duke Avery, 5 rds.
Johnny Moseley knocked out Kid Daniels, 4 rds.
Shorty Smith knocked out Young Blackburn, 2 rds.
Charlie Thomas beat Kid Cottman, 6 rds.

15—Hazleton, Pa.:
Steve Latzo knocked out Battling Nelson. 10 rds.

16—B'klyn (B'way Ex. Assn.):
Joe Tiplitz knocked out Lew Brody, 8 rds.
Sonny Smith beat Happy Gorman, 10 rds.
Billy Metz beat Marty Silvers, 10 rds.
Artie Down beat Eddie Martin, 4 rds.

16—Jersey City (Arena A. A.);
Billy Hague knocked out Charlie Ruder, 6 rds.
Joe Siden knocked out Jack Stewart, 3 rds.

16—Scranton, Pa. (Town Hall A. A.):
Tommy Loughran beat Mike McTigue, 12 rds.
Young Mehond won on foul from Spike Sullivan, 1 rd.
Joe Latzo and Jimmy Robinson, draw, 6 rds.
Billy Calpin knocked out Battling Babe, 5 rds.

16—New York (102d Med. Reg. Armory):
Charley Picker beat George Bush, 10 rds.
Mickey Black beat Kid Troy, 10 rds.

16—Catawissa, Pa.:
Battling Shriner beat Kid Julian, on foul, 3 rds.
Kid Bailey and Mike Shura, draw, 6 rds.
Kid Shaffer knocked out Jimmy Hickey, 1 rd.

16—Reading, Pa. (Recreation A. C.):
Joe Ritchie beat Willie Allen, 8 rds.
Pedro Camp knocked out Gust Hollywood, 2 rds.

16—Hartford:
Mike Morley beat Moe Herscovitch, 12 rds.

16—Philadelphia:
K. O. Joe O'Donnell knocked out Tommy Nable, 2 rds.
Sailor Varden beat Sandy Taylor, 8 rds.
Johnny Howard knocked out Duke Avery, 5 rds.

16—Johnstown, Pa.:
Bernie Conway knocked out Johnny Kelly, 3 rds.
Michael Craig beat K O Brown, 6 rds.
Red Pickale quit to Jimmie Goine, 2 rds.
Pete Chiode beat Joe Macker, 6 rds.

17—New York (Madison Square Garden):
Johnny Dundee beat Charlie White, 15 rds.
Louis Gugliemini and Georgie Daly, draw, 8 rds.
Sammy Nable and Harry London, draw, 8 rds.
Jack Reeves beat Fay Keiser, 8 rds.

17—Phila. (Cambria A. C.):
Willie Green beat Bobby Wilson, 8 rds.
Bobby McLeod beat Benny Ross, 6 rds.
Johnny Mahook beat Little Bear, 6 rds.
Young Joe Bradley beat Joe Smith, 6 rds.
Frankie Sears beat Eddie Cavanaugh, 4 rds.

17—Shenandoah, Pa.:
Young Cooney beat Joe Mooney, 10 rds.
Willie Ritchie beat Jimmy Sabo, 8 rds.
Duke Stank and Young Whitey, draw, 8 rds.
Rockey Sweeny beat Leo White, 6 rds.

17—Houston, Tex.:
Tim Droney knocked out Billy (Red) Cole, 5 rds.

17—Louisville, Ky.:
Pal Moore beat Tommy Ryan, 12 rds.

17—Canton, Ohio:
Dave Shade beat Jimmy Jones, 12 rds.

17—Huntington, W. Va.:
Sam Langford knocked out Cyclone Smith, 2 rds.

17—Salem, Mass.:
Jimmy Amato beat Billy Carney, 10 rds.

17—Clarksburg, W. Va.:
Bob Martin knocked out Carl Danner, 2 rds.

17—Pittston, Pa.:
Frankie Farmer beat Willie Allen, 10 rds.

17—Buffalo—Velodrome A. C.:
Jack McCarren knocked out Jack Loney, 4 rds.
Nate Lewis beat Frank Berry, 8 rds.
Murray Soren beat Carl Smith, 6 rds.

17—New York—(15th Infantry Armory):
Young Otto knocked out Jack Miller, 1 rd.

17—Jersey City—(North Hudson Boxing Arena):
Joe Pearlstein knocked out Fred Journer, 8 rds

18—Brooklyn — (Rink Sporting Club):
Mike O'Dowd beat Soldier Bartfield, 12 rds.
Jim Henry knocked out Frankie Fields, 7 rds.
Willie O'Connell beat Joe Wright, 6 rds.
Joe Reed knocked out Joe Lavin, 2 rds.

18—New York — (Commonwealth Sporting Club):
Abe Friedman beat Frankie Jerome, 12 rds.
Eddie McKenna beat Moe Ginsberg, 12 rds.
Willie Davis beat Johnny Cooney, 12 rds.

18—New York—(Ninth Regiment Armory):
Jimmy Mack knocked out Kid Baker, 10 rds.
Frankie Mohr beat Joe Paul, 12 rds.
Al West beat Jimmy Gareau, 6 rds.
Hugh Thomas knocked out Johnny Burke, 2 rds.
Joe Barro beat S. Cico, 4 rds.
Young Pepe beat Jimmy Cohen, 4 rds.

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18—Brooklyn — Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club:
Sailor Joe Kelly beat Italian Jack Dempsey, 12 rds.
Joe Sullivan and Willie Dancy, draw, 10 rds.
Terry Miller beat Bobby Hansen, 3 rds.

18—Phila. (National A. C.):
Frankie Britton beat Buck Angelo, 8 rds.
Joe Libby knocked out Leonard Hayes, 2 rds.
Jack Brady beat Cobbler Gilligan, 6 rds.
Johnny Ketchel knocked out Young Angelo, 2 rds.
Harry Burke fouled Matty O'Neill, 4 rds.

20—New York Madison Square Garden:
Joe Burman beat Midget Smith, 12 rds.
Sammy Sieger won on a foul from Vincent (Pepper) Martin, 3 rds.
Johnny Mendelsohn beat Peter Hartley, 8 rds.
Jimmy Carroll beat Mike McCabe, 8 rds.

20—Phila. (Olympia A. A.):
Bobby Barrett knocked out Hymie Gold, 3 rds.
Johnny Gill beat Soldier Bartfield, 8 rds.
Young Mahoney beat George Eagle, 6 rds.
Ad Stone knocked out Eddystone Al Miller, 5 rds.
Pedro Campo beat Joe Ritchie, 6 rds.

20—Staten Island — Brighton Boxing Club:
Al Roberts beat Eddie Josephs, 12 rds.
Bobby Rolin knocked out Bobby Walker, 8 rds.

20—Boston—Elks' Club:
Benny Leonard beat Johnny Clinton, 10 rds.
Joe Miller beat Burney McIntee, 10 rds.

20—Newark—Broad A. C.:
Luis Furpo knocked out Sailor Maxted, 7 rds.

20—Meriden, Conn. — Elite Club:
Kid Kaplan knocked out Artie Rose, 3 rds.

20—Holyoke, Mass.:
Paul Demers beat Willie Murphy, 10 rds.

20—Sandusky, Ohio:
Jack Wolfe knocked out Eddie Smith, 2 rds.

20—York, Pa.:
Jackie Clarke beat Lew Schupp, 8 rds.
Joe McCabe knocked out Joe Corbett, 7 rds.
Henner Conn knocked out Joe Chip, 4 rds.
Paul Foodman knocked out Ikey Redmond, 4 rds.

20—Utica, N. Y.:
S. Baird knocked out Sailor White, 2 rds.

20—New Orleans:
Happy Littleton knocked out Frankie Murphy, 13 rds.

20—Troy, N. Y.:
Willie Garber beat Patsy Rubino, 12 rds.

20—Buffalo:
Frankie Schoell beat Jack Perry, 12 rds.
Harry Raskin beat Red Cameron, 6 rds.

20—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Will Burns beat Barney Griffin, 8 rds.

20—Memphis, Tenn.:
Young Sharkey beat Young Jack Dempsey, 8 rds.

20—Cincinnati, Ohio:
Tut Jackson knocked out "Wild Bill" Jones, 1 rd.

20—Muskegon, Mich.:
Pinky Mitchell beat Willie Doyle, 10 rds.

20—Pittsfield, Mass.:
Young Luby beat Kid Black, 10 rds.

20—Montreal:
Oscar Deschamps knocked out Frankie Brown, 1 rd.

20—Buffalo (Veldrome A. C.):
Frankie Schoell beat Jack Perry, 10 rds.
Chubby Brown defeated Chip Davis, 8 rds.
Bobby Tracey knocked out Bobby Burns, 1 rd.
Harry Raskin beat Red Cameron, 6 rds.
Bobby Hamilton knocked out Young Blazen, 2 rds.

21—Philadelphia (Ice Palace):
Tommy Loughran beat Jackie Clarke, 8 rds.
Benny Hirsch beat Willie Green, 8 rds.
Archie Walker beat Patsy Broderick, 8 rds.
Joe Mendall beat Lew McFarland, 6 rds.
Johnny Shearan beat Harry Grant, 6 rds.

21—Akron, Ohio:
Johnny Carr beat Phil Bloom, 12 rds.
Johnny Rini beat K. O. Circus, 10 rds.

21—Providence:
Young Montreal beat Wee Wee Willie Spencer, 10 rds.

21—Newark (Broad A. C.):
Bobby Michaels and Battling Johnson, draw, 10 rds.
Lew Tenner knocked out Rocky Ford, 3 rds.
Young Kid Murphy knocked out Jackie Horner, 5 rds.

21—Shenandoah, Pa.:
Tiny Trinkle beat Charlie Ray, 10 rds.
K. O. Brown knocked out Kid Steeler, 2 rds.
Young Bush knocked out Kid Gray, 2 rds.
Young Mason knocked out Fighting Walsh, 2 rds.

21—Reading, Pa.:
Lew Schupp and K. O. Sullivan, draw, 8 rds.
Terry Hanlon knocked out Al (Kid) Sunn, 1 rd.
Sammy Trinkle beat George Gross, 8 rds.
Len O'Leary beat Willie Clark, 8 rds.

21—Tamaqua, Pa.:
George Weyman beat Red Carlin, 10 rds.

21—Omaha:
Max Lux beat Battling Ortega, 6 rds.

21—Portland, Me.:
Gene Delmont beat Johnny Williams, 12 rds.

22—Philadelphia:
Mickey Morris and Bobby Burke, draw, 8 rds.
Roy Mitchell beat Jackie Bahoe, 8 rds.
Sammy Frotz beat Jimmy Briggs, 8 rds.

22—Kenosha, Wis.:
Bud Taylor beat Jimmy Kelly, 10 rds.

22—New Bedford, Mass. (Elm Rink):
Marty Collins knocked out Eugene Demers, 4 rds.

22—Boston (Carlyle A. C.):
Soldier Franks knocked out Charley (Chick) Miller, 2 rds.
Billy Myers beat Pete Hayes, 8 rds.

22—Baltimore:
Young Ahearn beat Harry Rice, 6 rds.
Sailor Lewis beat Dick Burgess, 8 rds.

23—N. Y. (Star Sporting Club):
Harry London beat Frankie Curry, 12 rds.
Larry Goldberg beat Maxey Williamson, 12 rds.
Mickey Brown beat Sammy Stone, 12 rds.

23—New York (102d Med. Reg. Armory):
Rockey Smith knocked out Joe Selden, 10 rds.
Charley Murray beat Barney Keeley, 10 rds.

23—B'klyn (B'way Exh. Assn.):
Benny Valgar beat Bert Spencer, 12 rds.
Happy Mahoney beat Sammy Stearns, 10 rds.
Willie Conway and Scotty Williams, draw, 6 rds.
Joe Smith beat Johnny Griffin, 6 rds.

23—Yonkers (Columbus Sporting Club):
Al Norton beat Wildcat Nelson, 12 rds.
Young Eddy beat Sid Marks, 10 rds.
Buck Walters beat Vernon Spinner, 6 rds.
Paul Fargo knocked out Ray Quinn, 1 rd.

23—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Pete August beat Terry O'Connor, 10 rds.
Harry Peterson knocked out Young Jennings, 1 rd.

23—Passaic (Hamilton A. C.):
Tim Kelly knocked out Johnny Hart, 2 rds.
Roger Wagner beat Eddie Summers, 10 rds.
Eddie Crawford beat Tommy Lynch, 10 rds.
Bobby Dobbs beat Tom Veech, 6 rds.
Kid Russell beat Young Price, 4 rds.
Frankie Jabs beat Young Kelly, 4 rds.

23—Scranton, Pa.:
Jack McCarron knocked out Young Fisher, 3 rds.
Al Murphy beat Allentown Joe Dundee, 10 rds.

23—Syracuse (Arena A. C.):
Chubby Brown beat Red Mack, 10 rds.
Sailor Packie and Ruby Cohen, draw, 10 rds.
Freddie Thompson and Tommy Taylor, draw, 8 rds.
Kid Blair knocked out Henry Auburn, 3 rds.

23—Allentown:
Johnny Sheppard and George Eagle, draw, 10 rds.

23—Macon, Ga.:
Young Stribling knocked out Spike Mahoney, 6 rds.

23—Hackensack, N. J.:
Tommy Speno knocked out Jack Ritchie, 8 rds.

23—Harrison, N. J. (McGuigan A. C.):
Charley Triano and Yankee Delane, draw, 12 rds.

24—Fall River, Mass.:
Irish Johnny Curtin beat Terry Martin, 10 rds.

24—Lewiston, Me.:
Philadelphia Joe Stanley beat Steve Travers, 12 rds.

24—Phila. (Cambria A. C.):
Al Verbecker beat Tommy O'Toole, 8 rds.
Joe Geiger beat Vincent Lopez, 6 rds.

Charley Boyd knocked out Joe (Kid) McCarthy, 1 rd.
Walter Rennie beat Bobby McLeod, 6 rds.
Jimmy Hanlon knocked out Kid Sackey, 1 rd.

24—Rutland, Vt. (State A'm'y):
Eddie Douglas knocked out Young Harrison, 3 rds.
Al Lazillos knocked out "Rough" Ketchell, 4 rds.
Bill Greenwood and Kid Henry, draw, 6 rds.

24—N. Y. (15th Inf. Armory):
Young Otto knocked out Ned (Kid) Cowler, 4 rds.

25—N. Y. (Com. Sport. Club):
Frankie Genaro beat Sammy Cohen, 12 rds.
Tommy McAleer beat Marty Summers, 12 rds.
Panama Barney knocked out Sailor Darden, 7 rds.

25—N. Y. (9th Reg. Armory):
Henry Catena beat Andy Ketchell, 12 rds.
Sonny Cashin beat Midget Sully, 12 rds.
Tommy Fay knocked out Young Donohue, 3 rds.
Jack Robinson won on foul from Al Engle, 1 rd.
Leo Wedo beat Tony Baker, 4 rds.

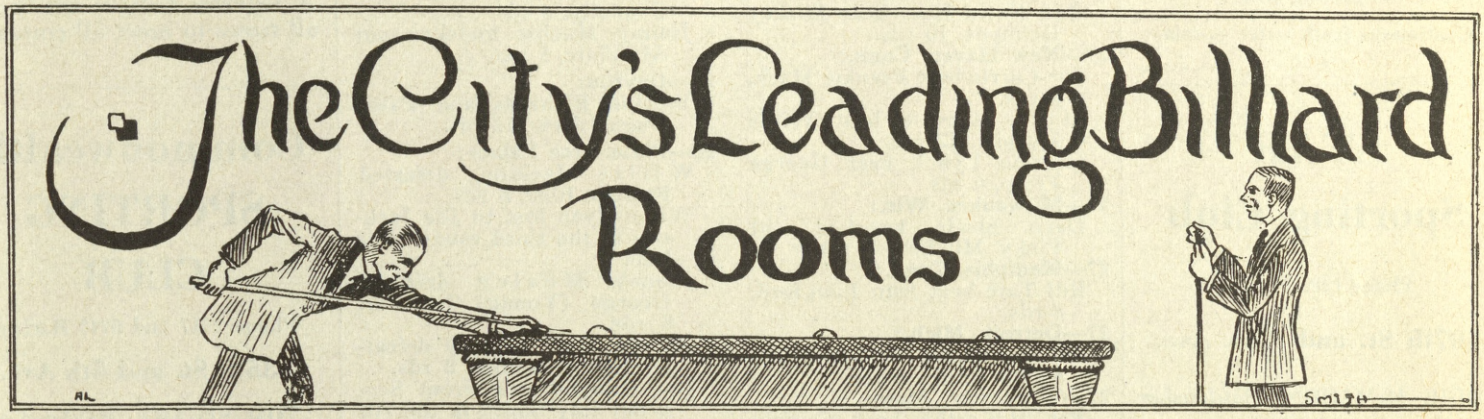
25—B'klyn (Rink Sport. Club):
Mel Coogan beat Jimmy Hanlon, 12 rds.
Italian Jack Dempsey beat Frankie Pitcher, 12 rds.
Sid Bernard beat Billy Prince, 10 rds.

25—B'klyn (Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club):
Sonny Smith beat Teddy Seidman. Seidman disqualified for listless work, 8 rds.
Willie Allen beat Joe Glick, 12 rds.
Kid Kansas beat Billy Ryckoff, 10 rds.

25—B'klyn (47th Reg. A'm'ry):
Sandy Michaels beat Sammy Kirsch, 12 rds.
Joey Silvers beat Young Littman, 10 rds.

25—Boston (Commercial A. C.):
Jock Malone beat Augie Ratner, 10 rds.

25—Phila. (National A. A.):
Joe Welsh knocked out Jack La Belle, 5 rds.
Frankie Conway and Bobby Burman, draw, 6 rds.
Kid Wolf beat Charlie Ray, 6 rds.



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Johnnie Gardner beat Johnnie Mealey, 8 rds.
Benny Kauffman beat Johnnie Campi, 8 rds.

27—N. Y. (Star Sporting Club):
Joe King Leopold beat Johnny Reisler, 12 rds.
Danny Lee knocked out Danny Weston, 4 rds.
Georgie Fox beat Joe O'Sullivan, 12 rds.

27—B'klyn (B'way Exh. Assn.):
Joe Lynch beat Johnny Gray, 12 rds.
Al Brown beat Jackie Harris, 10 rds.
Willie Ryan beat Young Skully, 10 rds.

27—Hamilton, Ont.:
Bad News Eber beat Mickey Delmont, 10 rds.

27—New Haven, Conn.:
Joe Currie beat Frankie Mack, 8 rds.
Mickey Travers beat Willie Murphy, 12 rds.
Georgie Lynch beat George Proto, 6 rds.

27—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Dave Shade knocked out Pinky Mitchell, 4 rds.

27—Memphis, Tenn.:
Bill Tate beat Sam Langford, 8 rds.

27—Detroit, Mich.:
Sid Barbarian knocked out Ralph Brady, 6 rds.

27—Worcester, Mass.:
Pat McCarthy beat Captain Bob Roper, 12 rds.

27—Columbus, Ohio:
Phil O'Dowd beat Pekin Kid Herman, 10 rds.
Jimmy Mars beat Young Erne, 10 rds.

27—Phila. (Olympia A. A.):
Joe Nelson beat K. O. Joe O'Donnell, 8 rds.
Abe Goldstein beat Patsy Wallace, 8 rds.
Tommy Murray and Battling Mack, draw, 8 rds.
Chick Kansas beat Terry Davis, 6 rds.
Young Koster beat Max Williamson, 6 rds.

27—Easton, Pa.:
Terry McHugh beat Charles Goodman, 10 rds.

27—Trenton, N. J.:
Ray Mitchell beat Duke Tenner, 10 rds.
Lew Young Angelo beat Terry Brooke, 8 rds.
Dave Schuster won decision over Kid Burns on a foul, 7 rds.

27—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Billy Pimpus beat Rosey Stoy, 8 rds.
Vennie Lopez knocked out Silent Puryear, 1 rd.
Kid Stewart beat Battling Powell, 8 rds.
George Russell beat Jack Darcey, 6 rds.
Bobby O'Keefe beat Lew Stanley, 6 rds.

27—Lancaster, Pa.:
Steve Latzo beat Johnny Wolgast, 10 rds.
Sammy Schiff knocked out Whitey McGovern, 4 rds.
Eddie Ochs beat Kid Bossie, 6 rds.
Willie Seiple beat Jackie Allen, 4 rds.

27—Cincinnati, Ohio:
Frankie Schoell beat Barney Adair, 10 rds.

27—New Orleans:
Billy Shade beat Marty Burke, 15 rds.

27—Shreveport, La.:
Glene Clickner beat Harry Krohn, 15 rds.

27—McKeesport, Pa.:
Indian Pete Scot disqualified in bout with Mike Kearney. (Bout declared No Contest) 1 rd.
Ernie Graham defeated Jack Rovesti, 6 rds.
Young Mulligan and Lew Bodel drew, 6 rds.
Vincent Celmar defeated Bobby Young, 6 rds.

27—Lynn, Mass.:
Pal Reed defeated Mike Morley, 10 rds.

27—Youngstown:
Jimmy Jones defeated Johnny Tillman, 12 rds.
George Oarr defeated Red Connelly, 6 rds.
Jimmy Muchie knocked out Al White, 5 rds.

27—Dayton:
Blockie Richards and Patsy Dugan drew, 12 rds.

28—Phila.—Ice Palace:
Willie Jackson defeated Frankie Rice, 8 rds.
Willie Ryan lost to Joe Jackson in the third round on a foul.
Johnny Mealey defeated George (Young) Erne in 8 rds.
George K. O. Chaney defeated Jimmy Hanlon 8 rds.
Jim Holland won from Sergeant Ray Smith in the 7th round on foul.

28—Pioneer Sporting Club:
Jack Sharkey defeated Wee Willie Spencer, 12 rds.
Johnny Murray defeated Happy Smith, 12 rds.
Dan Lynch knocked out Walter Donovan in one rd.
Patsy Murray knocked out Jack Scultz in fifth rd.

28—Arena, Jersey City:
Al Roberts knocked out Jack Douglas, 9 rds.
Billy Hinners defeated Lew Atkinson, 6 rds.

Amateur Boxing Bouts

Glencoe A. C., New York, Boxing Tournament, March 28th.

110 Pound Class
A. Comiglia, unattached, defeated J. Ballin, Union Settlement, 2 rds.
A. Marreck, Lenox Hill Settlement, defeated M. Barrer, 3 rds.

118 Pound Class
H. Gorsky, Pastime A. C., defeated J. Murphy, Glencoe A. C., 2 rds.
H. McKay, St. Jerome A. C., defeated E. Pollock, Glencoe A. C., 2 rds.
M. Dismonti, unattached, defeated M. Leveler, Greek American A. C., 2 rds.
P. Coyne, Union Settlement, defeated J. Dumaleary, Paulist A. C., 3 rds.

125 Pound Class
B. Mabis, Glencoe A. C., defeated P. Cugentio, Union Settlement, 3 rds.
F. Riefsen, Pastime A. C., defeated J. Dorry, Paulist A. C., 1 rd.
F. Riefsen, Pastime A. C., defeated L. O'Brien, Pastime A. C., 3 rds.

110 Pound Class—Special Bout
N. Quagliorelli, Pastime A. C., defeated J. Maloni, Glencoe A. C., 3 rds.

120 Pound Class—Special Bout
Herman Singer, Glencoe A. C., defeated J. Quill, Union Settlement, 2 rds.

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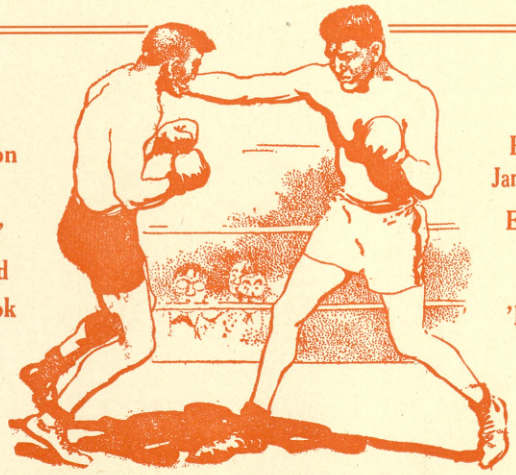

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